IMPORTANT ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE FROM MANILA.

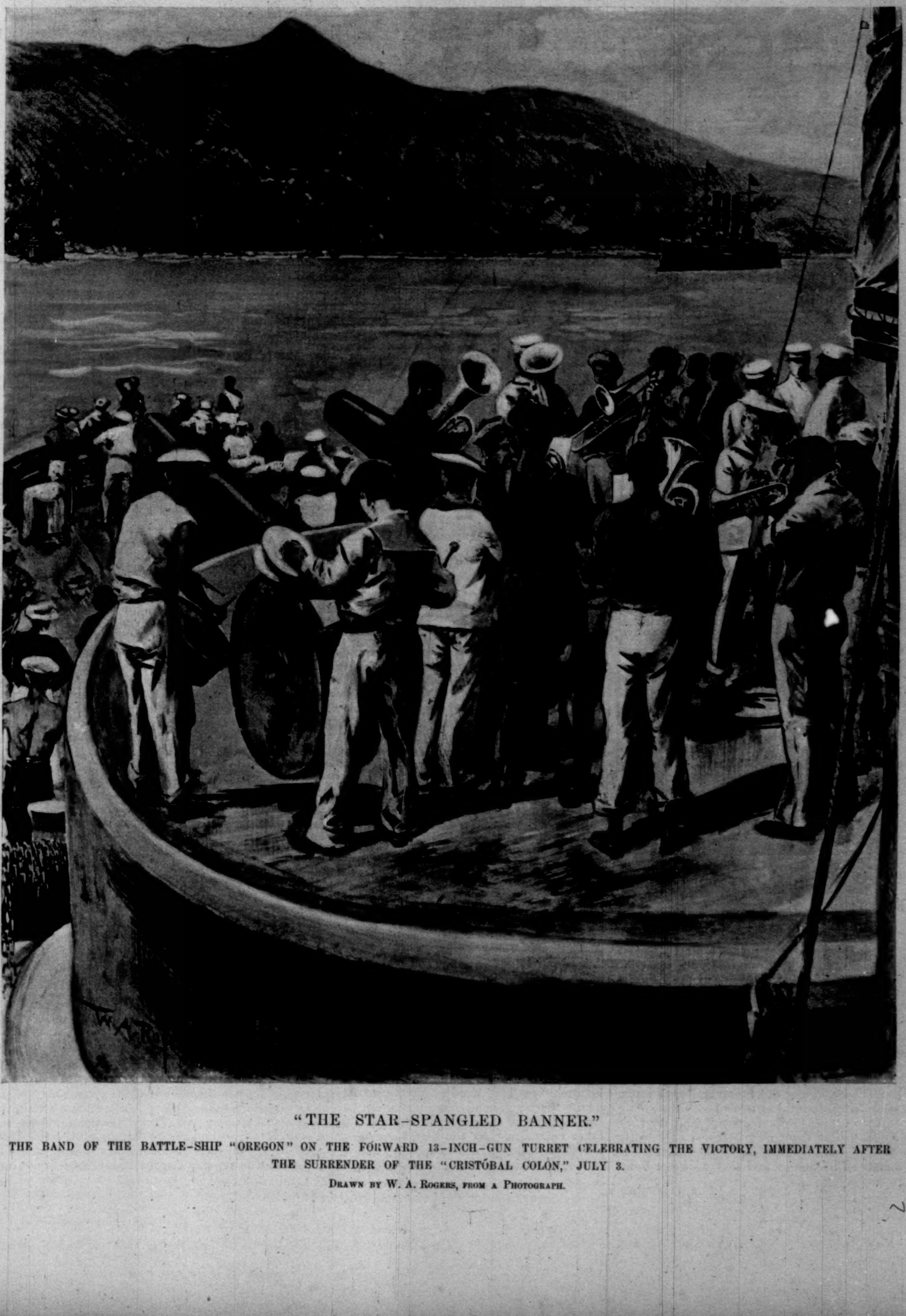
HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2172.
Copyright, 1898, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1898.

TEN CENTS A COPY. FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.

"Cristóbal Colon." "Brooklyn."



"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

THE BAND OF THE BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON" ON THE FORWARD 13-INCH-GUN TURRET CELEBRATING THE VICTORY, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE "CRISTÓBAL COLON," JULY 3.

DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 6, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents are following the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	JOHN FOX, JR.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	FRANK D. MILLET.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	O. K. DAVIS.
W. A. ROGERS.	HAROLD MARTIN,
T. DART WALKER.	AND OTHERS.

Messrs. MILLET, BASS, *and* DAVIS *are in Manila or on their way thither,* Mr. WALKER *is with* General MILES'S *Expedition against Puerto Rico, and* Mr. MARTIN *at Santiago.*

GENERAL SHAFTER showed a wise moderation and a just appreciation of SYLVESTER SCOVEL when he declined to try the latter for his journalistic outbreak, and contented himself with metaphorically kicking him out of the lines. Equally commendable was his arrest and expulsion of the yellow correspondents who endeavored to stir up angry feelings against the surrendered Spaniards, and to sell their disreputable sheet, by sticking up posters in Santiago calling upon the passers-by to "remember the *Maine*." Vigorous doses of equal and exact justice liberally administered would be a wonderful cure for the yellows.

GENERAL SHAFTER'S position towards GARCIA and the Cubans is dignified and correct. The war is between the United States and Spain, and the Cubans are not to be considered until it is ended. Eventually the government may be turned over to them in accordance with the promise which we have made. But in the mean time Spain's rights must be recognized, and especially must Spanish people and property be protected from Cuban plunderers. Even if the Cubans were worthy of respect, General SHAFTER'S attitude would be right, but, as a matter of fact, they have shown themselves entirely unworthy of special consideration. Our troops are reported, doubtless correctly, as ashamed of their allies.

WE are inclined to think that Mr. HILL is too much of a statesman to control the Democratic party of New York. He has theories about currency, the tariff, our foreign policy, the constitutionality of laws, and even civil service reform. It is true that his views are generally those which he thinks will please the "boys" rather than those which satisfy his own intellectual processes, but the Democrats of New York do not recognize fine distinctions, and are coming to regard their ancient wire-puller as a "doctrinaire." When a modern New York Democrat begins to talk about anything but the "stuff," he at once becomes an object of suspicion. He appears like an educated man, an independent, a mugwump. MURPHY and CROKER and Boodle are good enough for New York Democrats, and these will control the party convention this year, and will throw away any opportunity which PLATT'S rule may have given the decrepit organization. If Mr. HILL wants his leadership restored, he must stop writing about the constitutionality of the BLACK election dodge and all other "hifalutin" notions, and confine himself strictly to business, as "NED" MURPHY and "DICK" CROKER do.

IT is perfectly true, as suggested by the *Outlook*, that this country cannot conduct the government of such a dependency as the Philippines would be in accordance with the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The *Outlook* is not a Republican party journal, and may therefore be entitled to the belief that despotic government is better for some kinds of people than self-government, although, in our opinion, any American who believes that our republic can wield absolute rule over alien people is getting ready to agree that democracy is a failure. There are, however, Republicans, men who, for party reasons, turned over the Southern States to "negro domination," who are now equally sure that there may be some rule better than that of self-government for such savages as those of the Philippines, and that we can administer it. We are not disposed to dispute the general proposition with these advocates of democratic despotism, but we are quite sure that a mixed government, such as they advocate—viz., self-government for ourselves and a despotism for islanders of the sea—would prove a disastrous failure, and that there would be great danger to the democratic part of it. Democracy, we insist, is not capable of maintaining a despotic rule over alien peoples, but the advocates of Philippine annexation are now confessing that, if we take the islands, we must rule them ourselves without regard to the wishes of their people.

SPAIN has at last asked for peace. Naturally the Queen Regent chooses the French ambassador as the medium through which she appeals to the President for terms. France has been Spain's friend. Spain has had enough of war, and is in deep distress. She has practically no navy left. She cannot begin to pay the interest on her indebtedness and maintain the forces necessary to carry on even an unsuccessful war, being already nearly a year in arrears to her troops in Cuba. There is nothing but gloom in her near future, and absolutely no hope whatever for her unless peace is made. The Queen Regent and the SAGASTA government have been deterred from asking for peace, on account of conditions at home. It is true that the commercial classes favor peace, for peace is the breath of their nostrils, and that the people at large are described to be callous and indifferent, morally and mentally benumbed. The army, however, has insisted on fighting to the last, and it is from fear of the army that the government has refrained from making overtures. Now that the Carlists are threatening, and Don CARLOS is apparently making his way to the frontier, Spain has her domestic enemies actually on her back, and needs peace more than ever—needs it absolutely if the present dynasty is to be maintained. As for ourselves, we have certainly had enough of war, victors though we are. Enough American lives have been sacrificed for the ungrateful Cubans, and enough American money has been expended for the furtherance of the ends of the Jingoes. We have got out of the war all the good that can be obtained from it, and we have had enough of evil and sorrow. The longer the war goes on, the greater will be the evil and the deeper will be the sorrow—also the more widespread will be the corruption that always attends war. "Let us have peace," as General GRANT said—as all real soldiers always say when honor is satisfied and the objects of a war have been attained. And in making peace let us be generous.

IT is not for the purpose of self-laudation that the WEEKLY recalls the fact that it was the first journal to ask justice for the regular army from the daily newspapers that were giving all the honors of the war to the volunteers, even the honors that the regulars were winning, but for the purpose of saying that the daily newspapers have done better by the army since then, and to show how keenly alive are the faithful public servants of the army to evidences of appreciation. In proof of this we give the following extracts from personal letters written to the editor of HARPER'S WEEKLY by officers of the regular army. One writes:

> Why is it? Three of the West Point graduates who have only been out since April have fallen, either killed or wounded. Not a word to their memory in the papers. It is pleasing and gratifying to know that at least one paper appreciates what the army is to the country, and is willing to give them credit for what they do; and it is earnestly hoped that now and then a word of praise or some mention of a heroic deed may be read from the pages of HARPER'S.

And another says:

> Let me thank you on behalf of many officers of the regular army for the action of your paper in showing the real part played by the regulars in the series of battles in the vicinity of Santiago. I can assure you that, although only regulars, we appreciate the praise which, until given by HARPER'S, was as carefully omitted in the New York papers toward us as it was lavishly given to the three volunteer regiments which were fortunate enough to be at the front.
>
> Somewhat slowly, since your article, has come a recognition that the (about) twenty regular regiments present did at least the duty, expected of course, of professional soldiers.

We trust that these letters, written as they are from full hearts, will convince the daily newspapers that regulars love justice and appreciate recognition of the services which they willingly render to the country. Certainly they can reap little honor besides kind words. Even professional rewards of a permanent character cannot be won by our soldiers as they are won by the soldiers of other countries. At the best, honors gained on the field of battle are temporary, and the most valuable of them go to volunteers.

THE reports of Admiral SAMPSON, Commodore SCHLEY, and the captains of the squadron are clear and convincing accounts of the splendid fight which ended in the destruction of CERVERA'S fleet. They show, as Admiral SAMPSON said:

> When all the work was done so well, it is difficult to discriminate in praise. The object of the blockade of CERVERA'S squadron was fully accomplished, and each individual bore well his part in it—the commodore in command of the second division, the captains of ships, their officers and men.

And Commodore SCHLEY says that the "victory seems big enough for all of us." In the presence of this fine spirit, the politicians and newspapers that have sought to make trouble by offering exceptional honors to SCHLEY in depreciation of SAMPSON ought hereafter to remain silent. It is clear enough that each ship fought on its own account its full and gallant fight, and that the fleet was prepared because SAMPSON had maintained his watchful guard of the harbor. One fine incident of the fight is brought out by these reports—the heroism displayed by officers and men in their efforts to save the lives of the Spanish officers and sailors from the burning wrecks. Speaking of this, Admiral SAMPSON said:

> This rescue of prisoners, including the wounded, from the burning Spanish vessels was the occasion of some of the most daring and gallant conduct of the day. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete.

We cannot omit, either, Captain EVANS'S splendid tribute to his men:

> The officers and men of this ship behaved admirably. No set of men could have done more gallant service. I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag came down they were as gentle and as tender as American women.

And Captain CLARK of the *Oregon* said, speaking of his ship's company:

> I feel that they rendered meritorious services to the country, and while I cannot mention the name of each officer and man individually, I am going to append a list of the officers, with the stations they occupied, hoping that this may be of service to them should the claims of others for advancement above them ever be considered.

And so in such deeds and words, civilization, humanity, generosity, and their kindred virtues shine through the smoke of battle, and reveal the nobility of our fighting brother.

THE SANTIAGO CAMPAIGN.

IT is too early to say positively that the Santiago campaign will fully justify itself, although there can be no doubt that very much of value has come out of it already, while much more is well within the possibilities. Good may even come out of the evils and weaknesses which accompanied and marked the preparation of the army, its transportation, and its glorious triumph, if Congress will consent to be impressed by the lessons which are manifest to every intelligent observer of the campaign, and will act upon them with the same unselfish dutifulness and devotion to the country which have animated the officers and the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy. That the campaign is immediately successful, that its direct object has been attained, is, of course, the obvious fact in favor of its conception and its conduct, but more than this has been gained, and we are especially glad of the opportunity to recognize the merits of the campaign, since we were convinced that it set out without that due preparation which time did not permit the administration to make, and at a season of the year which is full of danger, especially to unseasoned men, from the most dreadful of tropical diseases. That these reasons against the departure of the expedition in the summer existed, and were strong, is now shown to be true by the unnecessary discomforts from which the men have suffered, and from the breaking out of yellow fever in the ranks of the regular army. But we shall not now indulge our sympathies, which may, indeed, only call forth a bluff expression of patriotism and indifference to hardships from the safe and luxurious fastness of the War Department building at Washington. The most important question at present is as to the military and political value of the capture of Santiago.

Besides the success of the expedition, which was made possible by the co-operation of the navy, the country has, as we have said, other results of the campaign to be grateful for. First of all, we have discovered the enormous value of the regular army, its absolute trustworthiness.

This is due not only to the skill and education of the officers, but to the confidence felt in them by the rank and file, and to the excellent training which the men have received. West Point and the army have paid the whole cost of their maintenance in this campaign, and it is to be hoped that the politicians, with whom, in the end, rests the fate of these admirable institutions, will realize the fact that the war has demonstrated the essential value of the highest order of education and of training for the military establishment. We do not speak now of the high courage and devoted patriotism which have been manifested by our land and naval forces—courage and patriotism which have called forth encomiums from foreign observers and students of the military art. American courage has spoken for itself and needs no eulogist. It was the common characteristic of both the regular and the volunteer. If any one lacked it before El Caney or on the heights of San Juan, it was because his presence there was not entirely voluntary. But the great virtues besides mere courage that shone forth in the splendid charges by which those points were captured, charges that at the moment were declared by foreign officers to be foolish and impossible, were the coolness of the regular officers, their unselfish solicitude for their men, and the devotion and confidence of the latter, the belief that they were being conducted through the hail of Spanish bullets in the wisest manner. We have in mind the testimony of a volunteer soldier who did his duty at San Juan, and who, unable to find his own officers, joined the regulars in their bloody march up the now famous hill. So moved was he by the moral influence of the regular officers over their men, he says, that the moment he found himself with them he no longer felt alone, but as if under a guiding and protecting power that had his welfare and safety in mind and at heart. And this splendid confidence, which was his by association, as it was his temporary comrades' by training, strengthened his nerves and steadied his hand and step. It is of enormous value to the country to have learned this of its fighting force, not only because it makes us sure of our officers and soldiers, but because it increases our regard for American citizenship and for American institutions, which have made such men as these possible.

This is the great moral gain of the campaign, and that we are able to count this precious gain is due to the fact that by reason of a badly planned movement, for which, we understand, no officer was responsible, the fight was one of regimental and line officers and of their men, in some instances of men without officers. To these simple and dutiful Americans was the victory, and from these we receive an inspiration which even now seems to have changed the spirit of the nation, to have made it more proud of itself. If the stimulus of pride and self-respect be lasting, we may expect to find the people demanding of their civil servants the same unselfish and self-sacrificing patriotism which led their servants with the colors through tropical jungles and up the heights at Santiago in the face of almost certain death, and, under the ungrateful system established and clung to by our politicians, with no hope of reward save the consciousness of duty done and the gratitude of private fellow-citizens.

There are other gains, to be sure. The administrative force of the army, which is the creation of Congress and of influential politicians, has been weak, but American enterprise, ability, and tireless industry have accomplished wonders. The army was not ready to start from Tampa. It still lacks the uniforms for the tropics that it ought to have had before going aboard the transports. There was too large a proportion of raw men in the ranks. There was, and is, no powder of the right kind. There was a dangerous lack of horses and artillery. The men had too little to eat, and their food was not of the proper kind. Above all, there was a cruel disregard of the comfort and welfare of the sick and wounded. The want of medical preparation and the consequent suffering of the troops were criminal. But a great deal was actually accomplished, and nearly all the preparation for transportation was made after the declaration of war. The regulars, as they were before the new recruits joined, were ready to move at once. Some of them, especially the regiments on the Pacific coast, did move in an incredibly short time after receiving their orders. The credit for this readiness, however, is due to officers of the line, and not to any civilian, or to a staff hampered and limited in every way by politicians. Finally, we have the material gains of the campaign, the eastern end of Cuba, the city and harbor of Santiago, the prisoners taken from BLANCO'S force, the guns, and the ammunition. We have also the opportunity to show both the Cubans and the Spaniards the advantages of decent and honest government. If now the victory will induce a speedy peace, the campaign at Santiago will vindicate itself. That is the one gain which will excuse the undertaking before complete preparation for it was made, and the needless sacrifices, including the deaths from yellow fever, few or many, that were the consequences of lack of such preparation. If peace comes before November, the Santiago campaign will be justified. But otherwise it will not be, because all the other gains, moral and material, might have been had after the rainy season at a much smaller cost to the army.

From the evils and weaknesses that have attended the triumph, one great lesson has been learned—that Congress is unfit to control the military force, and that it ought not to exercise the war power unless it is also willing to make ready for war. The condition of the defences of the country when war was declared was disgraceful to the war power. Six weeks after the war broke out New York Harbor was so defenceless that almost any fleet could have entered it. Now that this condition of affairs is over, and the harbor is thoroughly protected, it can be safely revealed that some weeks after war broke out the forts in New York Harbor had so small a supply of ammunition that the newly recruited artillerymen could not be drilled in gun practice. The country had been drifting towards war for a year or more, and Congress had done nothing to make ready for it. If the war had been declared against any other European power than Spain, we fear that the country would have been greatly humiliated. We owe our victory not only to the virtues of our own troops, but to the weaknesses and military vices of our enemy. For our own condition of unpreparedness Congress is entirely to blame, and the effect of Congressional control of military matters is also lamentably shown in the disposition of civilians in authority at Washington to interfere with soldiers in the field. If our politicians learn the lesson of their own folly from what has happened, if they can be induced to appreciate the narrowness of our escape as a consequence of that folly, again the Santiago campaign will not have been in vain. But if they do not learn this lesson, then nothing remains but an early peace, compelled by General SHAFTER'S success, to serve as an excuse for this too early campaign in the tropics, in winter clothes, with insufficient food, without necessary war material or transportation, without sufficient medical supplies against yellow fever, and Spanish infantry armed with Mauser rifles and supplied with smokeless powder.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT FOR GOVERNOR.

NOTHING could be more interesting than the commotion that has been raised by the mention of the name of THEODORE ROOSEVELT as the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. The mention is the more exasperating to the Republican politicians because their violent objections to it are none of them such as can be avowed. The nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT for Governor would be as unobjectionable from the point of view of party politics as from that of public service. His numerous and persistent and pugnacious efforts for political reform have all been made "within the party." Nobody pretends that he ever supported a Democratic candidate or a Democratic measure. He was a Republican member of the Legislature a good many years ago. Not quite so long ago he ran a deliberately losing race as the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of New York, although his sanguine disposition blinded him, after he had actually entered it, to the certainty of failure. This is the kind of party service that is held, according to the strictest political casuists, to constitute a "claim"—as the fact that the candidate is away fighting the battles of his country, and doing nothing whatever to promote his own candidacy, is held to constitute an availability. The evident fact is that Mr. ROOSEVELT is a "good Republican," and that he has "served up" to the Governorship. There is no producible or available reason why he should not be nominated.

The real objection is one that cannot be produced. It is that, good Republican as he is, Mr. ROOSEVELT'S Republicanism ceases when it becomes incompatible with common honesty. He was not a good Republican as Civil Service Commissioner because the acceptance of that office imposed upon him the necessity of laying aside his partisanship while he was in it. He was not a good Republican as a Police Commissioner of New York for the same reason. He did not understand bipartisanship as a means to "deals," and he took no account whatever of the "political faith" either of an applicant for appointment or promotion or of a violator of the law. The impetuosity and gusto with which, in enforcing the laws, he moved along the line of most resistance constitute his principal political weakness. For they made it appear to be his belief that the chief end of a Police Commissioner was to prevent a German from gaining access to beer on Sunday. But the Republican politicians cannot openly allege that as a reason against his candidacy either. For the law, which was expressly drawn to prevent the drinking of beer on Sunday, was a "good Republican" law. If its friends and supporters expect that in practice the enforcement of it could be tempered by political considerations, they will not have the face to make their expectation a cause of offence against the Police Commissioner who enforced it against all saloon-keepers and all drinkers alike.

In addition to his other claims, Mr. ROOSEVELT has the distinction of the only new "war record" within reach of the Republican party of New York. His service as Assistant Secretary of the Navy was, in the judgment of those best qualified to judge, highly creditable to himself and highly useful to the country. That service does not constitute so much of a "war record" in the eyes of conventions, and possibly of voters, as his subsequent service in the field, though it may well be questioned whether it was not of much more national importance. However that may be, it will hardly be disputed that the First Volunteer Cavalry has shown that it constitutes the most efficient fighting force of raw men, or rather of a raw regiment, that has ever been assembled. If it be true that it was got into trouble by the inexperience of its officers, it was got out again by its own tenacious courage as well as by the help of a regiment of regulars; and in courage there was no deficiency or difference among officers or men. The assemblage of this unique body could hardly have been managed except through the personal influence and energy of Mr. ROOSEVELT. And if even this feat is less important than what he might have done if he had remained at his desk in the Navy Department, and continued to kindle the enthusiasm of his chief, the fact that he has been risking his skin in Cuba constitutes a more obvious claim upon his party than any term of possibly more useful but less showy work in a bureau.

The real and unproducible reason why the Republican politicians object to the nomination of Mr. ROOSEVELT for Governor is the reason why the Republicans who do not live by politics should favor it. It is that his Republicanism is limited by his honesty and his manliness. He would be of no more use to one of the factions into which the Republican party is happily split than to the other, and consequently neither of the machines "has any use" for him. A disgraceful proposition conveyed from Governor BLACK through Superintendent PAYN would have no more attractiveness for him than a like proposition coming from Senator PLATT through Congressman QUIGG, and *vice versa*. He would doubtless make his share of mistakes. But they could not prevent him from being the most useful Governor New York has had since GROVER CLEVELAND. That means a much larger measure of public usefulness than is open to him in the army.

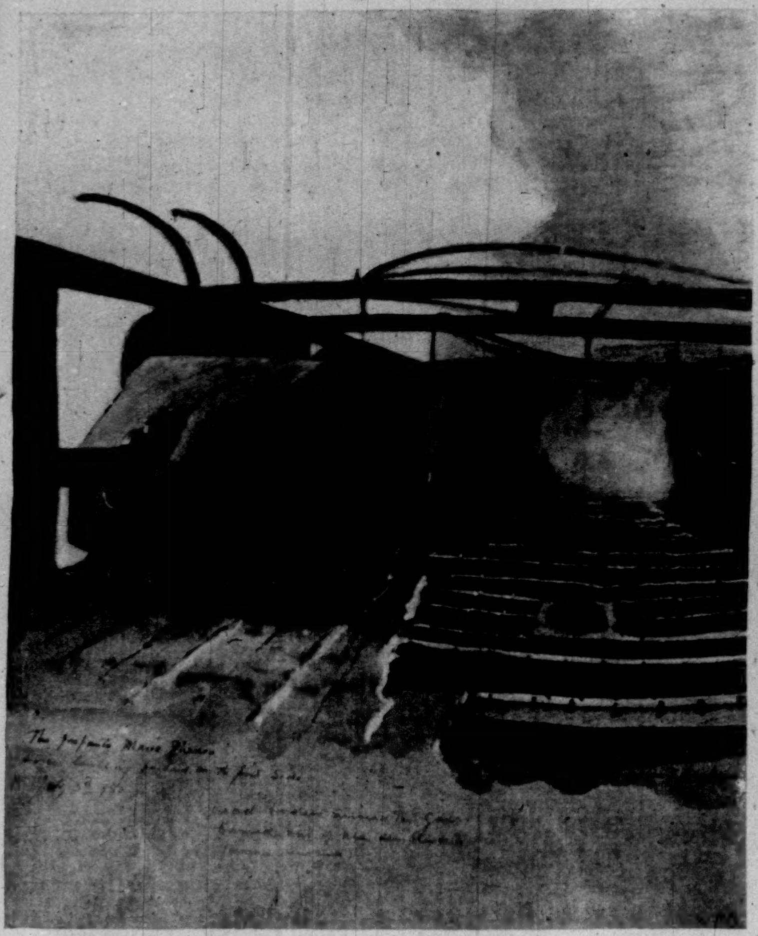
DIARY OF THE WAR.

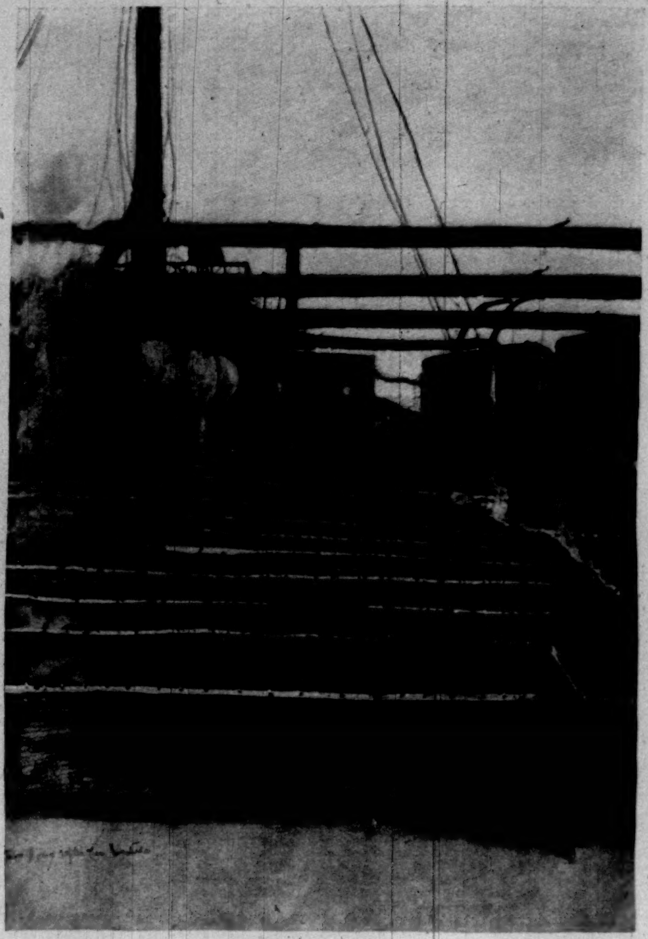
Friday, July 22.—At Manila the situation has several new elements of interest in addition to the declaration of a dictatorship by the insurgent leader Aguinaldo. The disembarkation of the troops of the second expedition began last Tuesday at a point two miles from the city; the attacks of the Filipinos upon the Spanish outposts have been more vigorous of late; the statement is made that Aguinaldo has been so much encouraged by his successes that he is now trying to create conditions in the islands which will necessitate the recognition of their independence by America as well as by other powers. So far as Germany is concerned, it is felt at Washington that the situation has improved, and that the observance of a strict neutrality by that nation is assured. A good deal of significance is attached to the German ambassador's friendly call at the White House this morning.

Another of the President's visitors to-day was Lieutenant Hobson, who came to Washington in obedience to a letter of instructions from Admiral Sampson, to "explain the position and condition of the *Cristóbal Colon*," and to urge that steps be taken immediately so that "this fine ship may be saved to the United States navy." Of the other vessels that composed Cervera's fleet only the *Maria Teresa* will be saved.

The Navy Department has received Admiral Sampson's official statement in regard to the bombardment of Nipe yesterday. (Nipe is a port on the northern coast of Santiago province, lying between the ceded territory and Holguin, where the Spanish forces remaining in the western part of the province have their headquarters.) "The expedition to Nipe," Admiral Sampson says, "has been entirely successful, although the mines have not been removed. The Spanish cruiser *Jorge Juan*, defending the place, was destroyed without loss to our side. The *Annapolis* and *Wasp* afterwards proceeded to assist in the landing of the commanding general of the army and troops upon arrival at Puerto Rico."

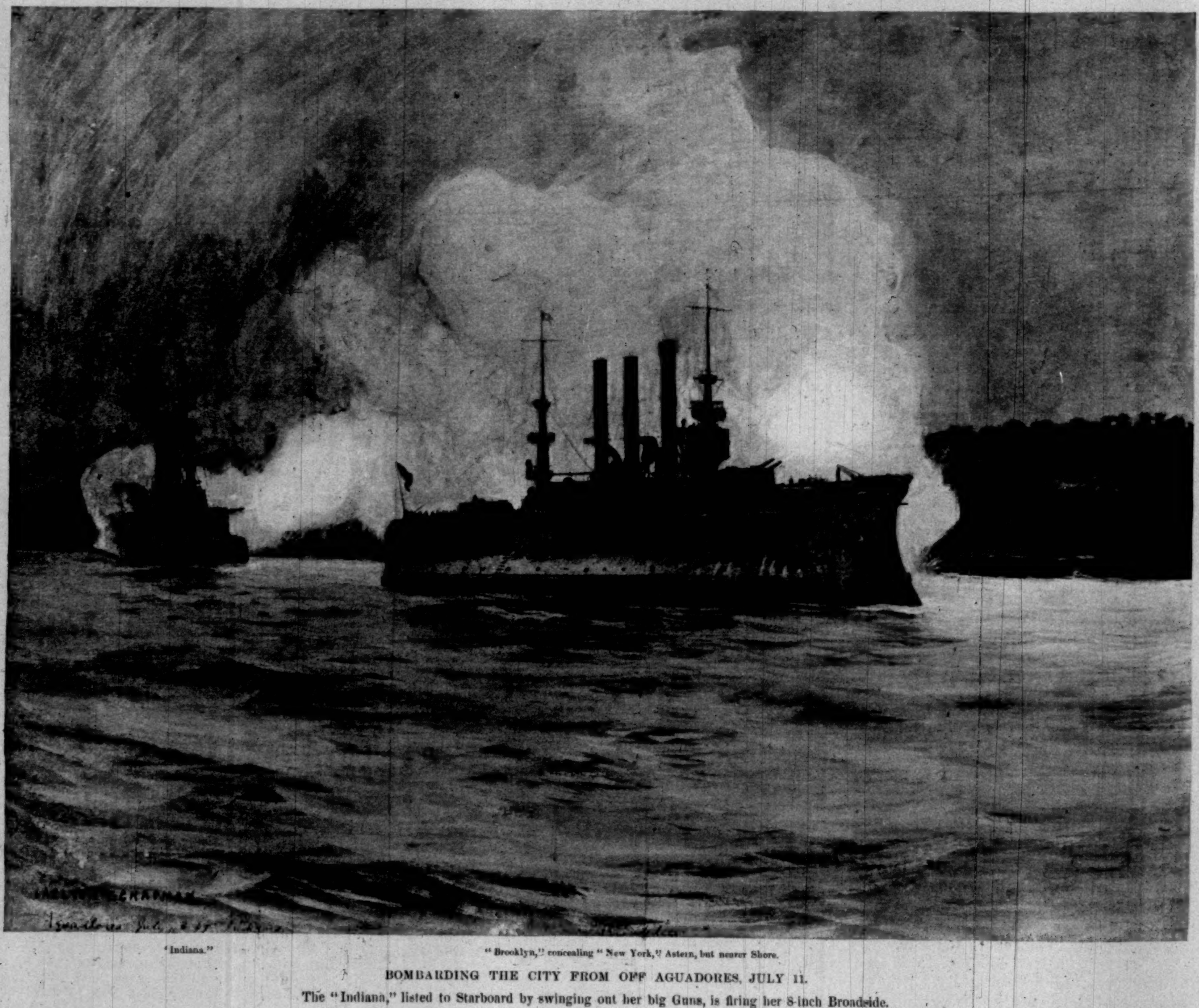
(*Continued on page 778.*)





ON THE SPAR-DECK OF THE "INFANTA MARIA TERESA," JULY 5, TWO DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE.

Looking Forward, Port Side. Fearfully charred Bodies lying around the Guns. Looking Aft.



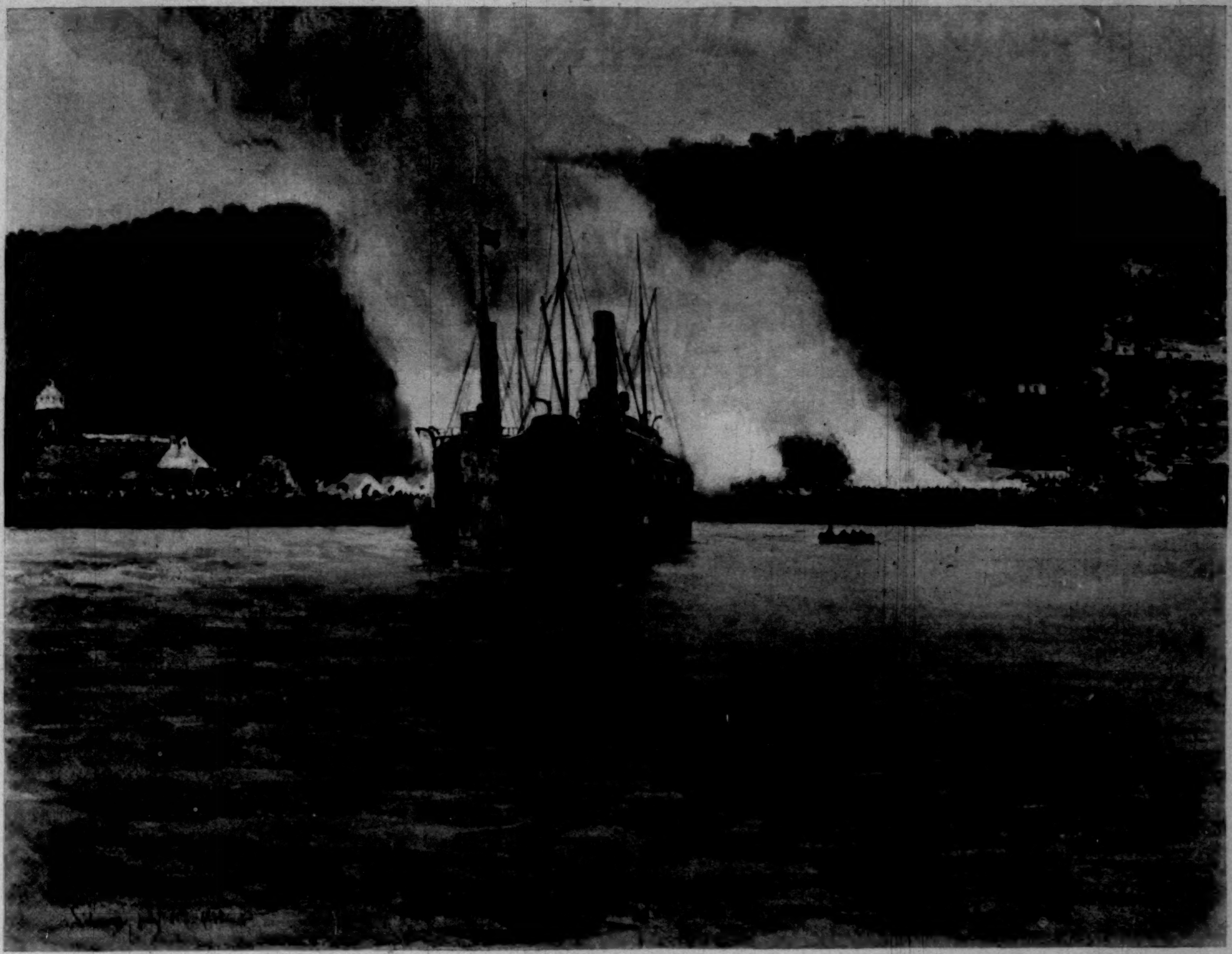
"Indiana." "Brooklyn," concealing "New York," Astern, but nearer Shore.

BOMBARDING THE CITY FROM OFF AGUADORES, JULY 11.

The "Indiana," listed to Starboard by swinging out her big Guns, is firing her 8-inch Broadside.

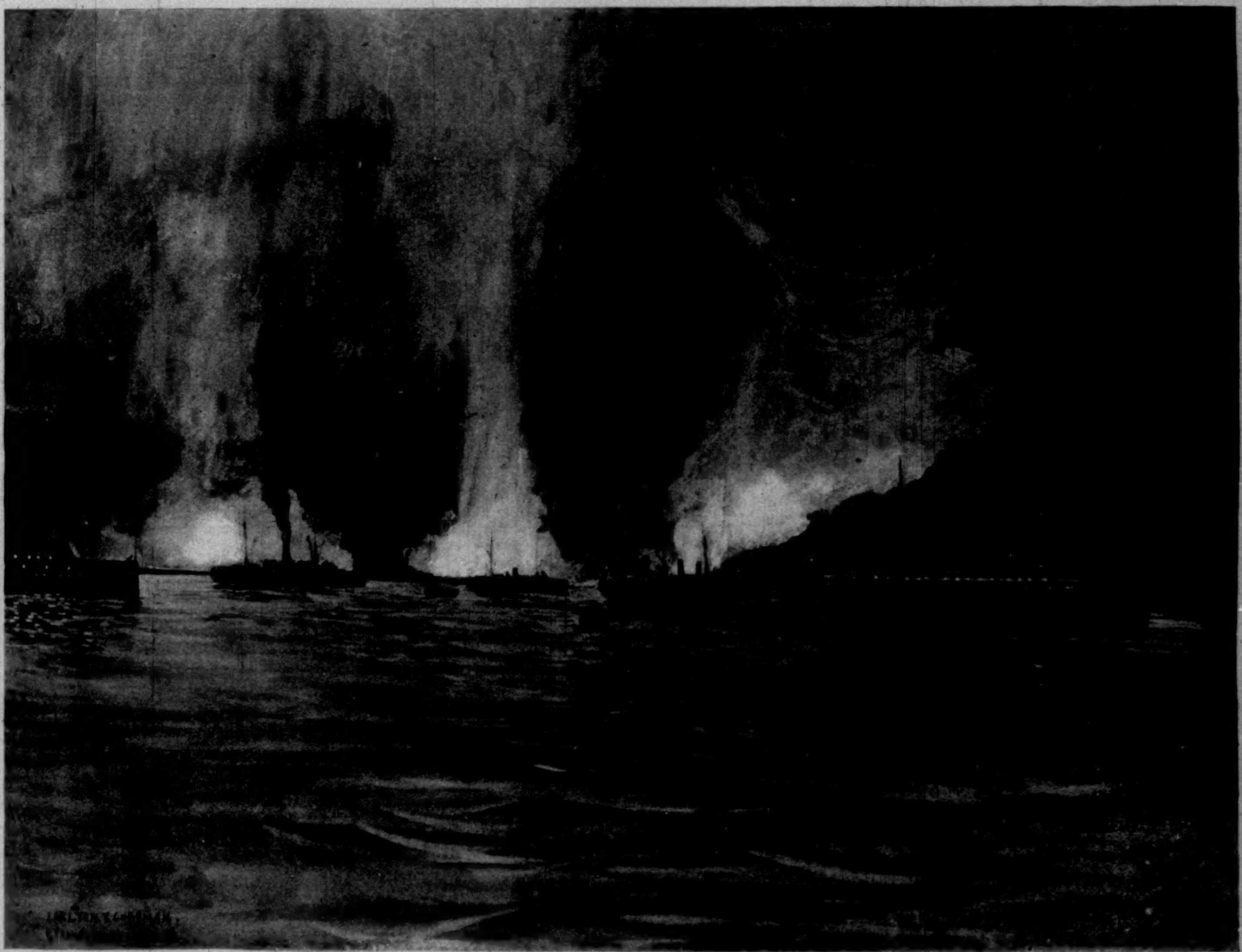
CLOSING SCENES AT SANTIAGO.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.



Block-house. Railroad Round-house. U. S. Hospital-ship "Relief." Store-ship.

STARTING THE BLAZE, JULY 11.



VIEW OF HARBOR WITH TRANSPORTS, JULY 12.

BURNING THE FEVER-INFECTED BUILDINGS AT SIBONEY.

DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET.

All the Buildings excepting the Railway Stations and Round-house were destroyed, July 11 and 12.

THIS BUSY WORLD

An allusion in this department of the WEEKLY to a movement undertaken by certain members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union against root-beer has brought a letter from one of the editors of a Methodist paper in Cincinnati, declaring that it is "a very cheap thing indeed to sneer at the order of the White Ribbon." "If you dare," says this gentleman, "smite the saloon and the saloon-keeper." Another letter, from Georgia, disapproves courteously, but with feeling, of a paragraph in the WEEKLY in which an opinion was expressed that the more moderate ideas of temperance reform represented by Lady Henry Somerset were preferable to the extreme opposition to drink which seems in favor with the American branch of the W. C. T. U. This latter correspondent assumes that alcohol is a poison, and that a law to prohibit traffic in it is quite as just and as far more important than the law that put down the Louisiana Lottery.

Prohibition and the fight against the saloon are subjects too big to discuss in a paragraph, but as for criticisms on movements undertaken in the name of the W. C. T. U., it may be observed that they are not inconsistent with a desire for the highest success of that organization. The W. C. T. U. has a vast amount of zeal, and its general purpose to abate the drink evil is one with which all good people must be in sympathy. But the greater its strength and the devotion of its members, the more important is it that they should be effectively used to accomplish feasible things, and not wasted on endeavors that are foolish or impracticable, or that restrain unduly the liberties of the individual. The ideal condition as to drink is not that no one should be able to get an intoxicating drink when he wants it, but that no one should want to drink to his own detriment. All that the W. C. T. U. can do to induce people to deal warily with intoxicants or eschew them altogether is likely to be useful, but the effort to abolish intoxicants altogether and root out the use of them seems so sure to fail that it appears to be time wasted.

In the WEEKLY of July 16, Mr. Poultney Bigelow says, in his "Yankee in Spain," that he cannot remember seeing a drunken man in Spain, even among the soldiers, "and Spain is the country where wine is cheaper than milk—at times not dearer than pure water." "For myself," he adds, "I believe in total abstinence from alcoholic drink, but the best way to fight alcohol is to make light wine abundant and cheap." Two inferences seem deducible from these observations of Mr. Bigelow: first, that a people may be temperate and yet be far from being ideal folks; next, that general temperance is not necessarily inconsistent with an abundant supply of cheap wine. Most of us believe that the smaller the consumption of whiskey and all spirits in this country, the better; most of us, while we tolerate beer and drink it when we choose, think not much better of it than that it is less dangerous than whiskey. Most of us believe in the reasonable regulation of the liquor traffic (especially on Sunday) and in local option, but we also believe that professed total abstinence, though expedient for thousands of individuals, is not necessary to the well-being of the mass of the people. Therefore, when the W. C. T. U. or any other organization presses total abstinence upon us as a duty, we demur; and when it urges the total suppression of the traffic in intoxicants, we are incredulous of the possibility of such an achievement, and even of its expediency if it could be done. But in so far as the W. C. T. U. teaches that alcoholic beverages are dangerous, and tries to teach people to have sense about using or avoiding them, and tries to promote such regulation of the liquor traffic as seems reasonable, we are all with it, and value its efforts.

Doubtless a good deal is done in the name of the W. C. T. U. by auxiliary societies which the controlling minds of the organization do not endorse. It is hard to believe, for example, that so important an organization should bestir itself against so feeble a thing as root-beer. It is possible that, on the principle of hitching to a star, the organization accomplishes more by undertaking the impossible and alleging the doubtful than it would if it limited its efforts to what was more clearly feasible and its allegations to what was beyond dispute. But this last possibility may be doubted, for an organization whose members make extravagant attempts and statements is apt to suffer in its reputation for sense, and so in its influence.

Few episodes of the war with Spain have made more people happy than General Shafter's gentle rebuke to yellow journalism at Santiago. It was an exceedingly mild rebuke, all things considered. We are told that when the Americans got into Santiago two representatives of the *Journal* proceeded to placard the town with great posters inviting folks to Remember the *Maine* and to Buy the *Journal*. This demonstration struck General Shafter as inexpedient in a captured city where every effort was being made to calm animosities and promote peace, and he had the *Journal* men arrested and expelled from the province, with orders not to come back.

Sylvester Scovel's exploit was so exceedingly grave that comment upon it was generally suspended until it was known what the result would be. Being hindered from taking part personally in raising the first American flag over Santiago, he resented interference with violent language, and getting no satisfaction from General Shafter, completely lost his head and tried to strike him. Instead of having him tried by court martial, General Shafter merely ordered him to be sent away. No explanation has been given of Scovel's extraordinary proceeding. It will be remembered that on the day when the Americans went into Santiago food was scarce and drink plenty. Scovel's discretion may have been upset by overindulgence in stimulants, or it is possible that he was entirely carried away by a sense of his importance as the representative of the *World* and lost his bearings. Persons who have had relations with the yellow journals report that the service of those periodicals affects the individuals engaged in it most curiously. It is the policy of these papers to represent themselves as centres of the universe and mainsprings of events. They represent daily that government waits on their utterances, and that nothing of importance is settled in Washington until the one-cent morning papers arrive from New York. It is said that the men who are employed to make these curious representations come in time to believe in them, and to regard the papers which they serve as sources of vast authority, and to look upon themselves as the real representatives of the people, and as persons of more actual power than members of the cabinet or generals in command. Megalomania of this strange sort may have developed in Scovel with such intensity as to carry him off his legs. His father is said to have gone to look after him, and that is well, for he undoubtedly needs competent attention. After years of superabundant means of expressing his views, what agony it must be to him now not to be able to "talk back"!

It will not grieve the Americans at home if the news is confirmed that Miss Schley, of the Paris Peace Society, who went to Madrid to make peace with the Queen-Regent, failed to get access to the Regent or any responsible authority, and was politely urged to get out of Spain. Self-constituted peace-makers who have tried to go ahead without authority have not been very fervently blessed in this war. Much as we want the war to stop, the majority of Americans will be content to have the peace negotiations conducted at Washington by our authorized representatives. If the President can't strike a bargain with Spain, we shall have to wait, and we will doubtless wait with due patience.

It will not be surprising if Dr. Benjamin Andrews, late of Brown University, should find the woollen West very much to his taste. Dr. Andrews likes to talk, and has plenty to say. Since he became Superintendent of Schools in Chicago he has made a speech at Madison, Wisconsin, in which again, as once before, he predicted a great European war, to come pretty soon, with Uncle Sam concerned in it. He calls our traditional policy of non-intervention in European matters "keeping the rôle of the hermit nation," and talks of our "taking a hand in the settlement of the Eastern question." With ideas of this sort running in his head, such a personal experience of territorial expansion as is incident to the transfer from Providence to Chicago must be grateful to his feelings.

Apropos of Senator Hoar and Professor Norton, the New York *Sun* accuses the mugwumps of miscellaneous depravities and futilities, and declaring that they are no longer influential at Harvard, says, "The hero of that university community is Theodore Roosevelt, and Professor Norton is only its laughing-stock."

It may be that Colonel Roosevelt is the Harvard hero of the hour, and no discreet person would venture rashly to impeach his qualifications for the place, but it is far, far from true that Professor Norton is Harvard's laughing-stock. No doubt there are plenty of Harvard men who disagree with his political opinions (though many don't), but the very reason why it was important that his views should be disputed, as they have been by Senator Hoar, is that he has been for many years, and still is, so greatly regarded in the Harvard community that his personal opinions carried exceptional weight.

For a good many years one of his courses in Fine Arts has been the most popular course of instruction in Harvard College. It was given for the last time last year. His pupils, most of them, went to him to learn about art and to absorb "culture," rather than for instruction in political ethics. They got what they went after, and got it in large measure, and however Dr. Norton's views on the character of the American people and the policy of the government may differ from theirs, they will be found to be utterly disinclined to think of him as a "laughing-stock." They will not renounce his views of the architecture of Appleton Chapel and the Fogg Museum merely because they have a better opinion than he of the qualities of the American people, and more sympathy than he has with the present war.

What, oh, what would Professor Norton think of American civilization and manners after witnessing a game of baseball as played on the grounds of the New York Baseball Club?

Mr. William Tudor, of Boston, who undertook to collect money to provide comforts and necessaries for Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, announced a fortnight ago that he had money enough. The fund at that time amounted to $697.

Mr. Winthrop Chanler, who went to Cuba on the *Florida* to help Gomez, was shot through the arm while trying to land at Tunos de Zarza, and came home in due time to let his wounds heal. He did not come home, however, until he had been ashore in Cuba long enough to see something of the Cubans with General Gomez, and what he has found to say about them has come very opportunely to modify the pessimistic views about our Cuban allies which have lately come from Santiago. He says he found the Cuban officers with Gomez to be cultivated gentlemen, and the men of the insurgent army impressed him as being excellent fighters, though they have done little fighting for three months past, because the Spanish soldiers all stay in the towns, and the Cubans are not properly equipped to attack towns. He represents, however, that the officers with Gomez distrust the intentions of the Americans in Cuba, and believe that they simply intend to take possession of the country. After hearing from Santiago that the Cubans there are of no use, it is somewhat reassuring to listen to Mr. Chanler. Yet even he is not excessive in his praises, and though he advocates sending supplies to General Gomez, his report of the distrustfulness of General Gomez's officers seems to furnish grounds for hesitation about strengthening them overmuch. One thing is plain enough about the Cubans, whether with Garcia or Gomez—that they are sensitive, and require to be handled with patience and with much tact. It is obvious that it will take time and pains to bring the various elements of the Cuban population into such relations with one another and the rest of mankind that they will work together for good.

The reduction of the assessment on the property of Mr. William Rockefeller at Tarrytown from $2,189,555 to $343,775 is so considerable that it must afford Mr. Rockefeller very marked relief. The ways of assessors often seem past finding out, but the intentions of Mr. Michael Martin, who arranged the valuation of Mr. Rockefeller's property, as disclosed by witnesses, seem to have been no more recondite than merely to take the taxes off the poor and put them on the rich.

The discussion between Surgeon-General Sternberg and the supporters of the Red Cross as to the case of the *Seneca*, and the general management of the hospital service at Santiago, is something to be approached with caution. Miss Jennings, the Red Cross nurse, who came from Siboney to New York on the *Seneca* and did such good work on the voyage, has spoken her mind freely about the over-crowded state of the transport and the lack of supplies and fit provision for the wounded. Her facts are hard to get over, yet some things have been explained. We are told, for one thing, that the object in taking the less seriously wounded men off the *Relief* and sending them home on the *Seneca* was to make room on the *Relief* for the cases that were expected to result from the storming of Santiago. So far the explanation explains, but in the matter of the shortage of supplies and lack of surgical instruments the question seems to be merely who was to blame, for there was failure somewhere, and failure for which the Surgeon-General's department would seem to be responsible.

If the war lasts long enough, we shall probably see the army surgeons and the Red Cross people working together in entire harmony, and all finding plenty to do. Meanwhile one of the victories of the war, so far, was that won by Miss Barton and her accomplices in having the *State of Texas* at Siboney in the nick of time, and in being able to carry supplies and aid to the front in an emergency when the medical corps was overtaxed.

The Nashville *American* reports agitation in Trinity College, North Carolina, because Mr. Washington Duke, of the American Tobacco Factory, has proposed to give the college $100,000, but Judge Clark, a trustee, objects to receiving it because the money came from the sale of cigarettes. It does not appear whether Judge Clark's objection is that cigarettes are unwholesome or that the American Tobacco Company is a trust; but, whatever disturbs him, it seems not improper to suggest to Mr. Duke that Barnard College in New York is asking for $100,000, and would doubtless be glad to receive the whole or any part of it from him. As Mr. John D. Rockefeller has been in the past a liberal benefactor of Barnard, and has lately promised to give $10,000 towards the present fund, it may be inferred that the institution has no prejudice against the earnings of trusts; while as for cigarettes, none are used at Barnard, and neither the students nor officers of that college have any means of knowing (except by hearsay) whether they are deleterious or not. So if Trinity doesn't take Mr. Duke's money, Barnard probably would. But Trinity had better take it.

Barnard's $100,000 must be raised before October 3.

Yale has made one more step towards the possession of the rich legacy left to her by William Lampson, of Leroy, New York. On July 26 the Appellate Court at Rochester decided that the Surrogate at Leroy was right in admitting the Lampson will to probate in spite of objections made in behalf of the decedent's aunt. The estate is worth about $500,000, and nearly all goes to Yale.

The Fayerweather estate, or part of it, is still in litigation, and promises for years to come to afford relief to the necessities of able members of the bar in many States.

The relations between our fighting-men, both on sea and land, and the military and naval representatives of foreign governments who came here to inspect the fighting, seem to be exceedingly cordial. The inspectors seem to have been fully satisfied with the fighting, and the fighting-men with the inspectors. Ashore several of the foreign representatives were actually with our troops, and one hears many stories and reads many more in the newspapers about the intense interest of some of them in the performances of our soldiers, and of their solicitude for the safety of the men, and that the right thing should be done in the right way. There is a natural tendency to want the side to win which you happen to be with, and that seems to have come out strong in these foreign officers who were with our men. There are good stories in circulation about a British military observer in the fighting around Santiago, and of his ejaculations about "our boys," and what "our boys" were doing and what they ought to do. The French observer has spoken with the warmest admiration of the quality of the American soldiers as individuals, and of their remarkable "initiative," which seems to mean the capacity for fighting, each man on his own hook. The capacity of the American soldiers to see and think for themselves was remarked in the civil war. The German military representative has also been very cordial in his appreciations, and has contrived apparently to make himself exceedingly acceptable personally to the Americans with whom he has come in contact.

Napoleon's observation that a soldier could be made in three months but that it took six years to make a sailor is illustrated by the different courses that have been followed by our government in this war in providing officers for the army and the navy. There has been some little talk of favoritism and political influence in the assignment of commands in the navy, but, at the worst, Washington has only meddled in so far as to determine which of several trained officers of a rank approximately equal should be chosen for a particular service. There has been no putting in of volunteer commodores over seasoned sea-dogs. But in the army, while the regular army has been the backbone of the existing military machine, there has been a prodigious hoisting of new-made soldiers into good places, while many first-rate men whose life's work has been soldiering, and who have been long at it, have had no promotion, and little chance to win it. The sad part of it, from the regular army point of view, must be that the volunteer officers in many cases seem to be so efficient. Whatever credit or emolument of any sort there has been in our naval victories has gone to professional naval officers, but of the credit for our land fights, and of the emoluments of war, like promotion and increased pay, a very large share has gone to the volunteers.

E. S. MARTIN.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

BY HON. JOHN BARRETT, LATE UNITED STATES MINISTER-RESIDENT TO SIAM.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" TO MANILA.

MANILA, the capital of the Philippines, Spain's late resourceful colony of the East Indies, in whose spacious bay Admiral Dewey's fleet is now at anchor, after winning the first naval victory of the present war, is one of the fairest, richest, and most remarkable cities of the Far East. Warmed by the rays of a tropical sun, cooled by the breezes of surrounding seas, and favored by features of climate and commerce which permit men to grow rich while they remain lazy and content, it is the ideal home of the Spanish official, merchant, or adventurer who would seek his fortune in distant colonies, but still enjoy conditions that ever remind him of his own home land.

THE LUNETA, MANILA.

As I drove leisurely round and round the beautiful Luneta, a broad circular parkway on the water's edge of Manila Bay, where, in the cool of the late afternoon and early evening, society, official and mercantile, Spanish and mestizo, turns out on dress parade to see itself, and breathe the fresh air that comes in from the broad sweep of the China Sea or down from the highlands of the interior, I could easily imagine myself in one of those sunny Spanish ports of the Mediterranean where men lead a dreamy sort of life. What a shock it must have been to the proud pleasure-lovers and old residents who had never failed to boast of Castilian prowess, or missed an opportunity to frequent the Luneta after a day's semblance of work or a long siesta, to realize that Admiral Dewey had suddenly and skilfully dropped a ten-inch shell into the very centre of this little park simply to remind them of the perils of bombardment at the hands of American gunners!

The fleet was lying several miles away, and at that hour the boulevard was deserted, but the gunner's aim was accurate, and the effect even better than if some one of the thirteen churches in the Intramures, or walled city, had been destroyed. That is what might be termed an object-lesson of war. When, later, the inhabitants, recovering from the first paralyzing fear of death and ruin, and led by curiosity, visited this scene of pleasure and target practice, and saw how the shell had landed in the heart of their promenade, like the bullet of a rifle striking the bull's-eye, they beheld grim evidence of the force and skill that had sent their proud ships, that early morning of the 1st of May, to the bottom of the bay.

I.

At this writing the American fleet is at anchor well out in the harbor, near Cavité, with the exception of the little *Petrel*, which is slowly cruising back and forth from the mouth of the river Pasig to the forts of Cavité, doing blockade duty. The admiral's flag-ship—the *Olympia*—the *Baltimore*, the *Boston*, the *Raleigh*, the *Concord*, the *McCulloch*, and the prize *Callao* are all there, ready for action if necessary, but patiently waiting for the capitulation of Manila and the arrival of troops and supplies from home. The *Zaphiro*, one of the transports, on which, by kind permission of Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, I was a passenger, has gone to Hong-kong with despatches. We shall anxiously look for her return with news from the Atlantic. The officers and men of our brave squadron here had not expected that the glory of engaging in the first regular naval battle of the war would be theirs; but now that they have brilliantly and successfully done their duty, they are impatient to hear of a victory won by their comrades in home waters. They realize the possibility that another Spanish fleet may seek to recover the Philippines, and that in the fight that would result they could not hope to escape unscathed as before; but there is not the slightest suggestion of nervousness, from the admiral down to the stokers, over the issue. They have been under fire once, and they have had practice that ten years' peaceful cruising could not give them.

The criticism has been made by naval experts, mostly foreigners, that when the hour of actual battle should come the crews of our ships, from the lack of homogeneous nationality and from the presence of so many foreign-born men among them, would be lacking in that true courage and devotion which is essential to win victories. The officers of our fleet who watched the men and mingled with them through the hottest of the fight in Manila Bay are unanimous in declaring that their attention to duty and intense earnestness, even after a sleepless night, a breakfastless morning, and an unrelaxed exchange of fire beneath a burning tropical sun, was extraordinary and even beyond their expectations. So intent were they on complete victory, that they showed signs of disappointment when the admiral signalled to withdraw for breakfast after destroying the Spanish fleet and before proceeding to silence the forts at Cavité. And then what an outburst of patriotic enthusiasm and cheering when the battle was over! Old officers who had participated in all kinds of national celebrations and witnessed incidents at home and abroad that had stirred men to the heart state that they never saw so much feeling exhibited, and never were so near the point of tears themselves as when the ships, in passing, cheered one another to the echo, repeated, and cheered again until actual hoarseness forced them to unwilling silence.

II.

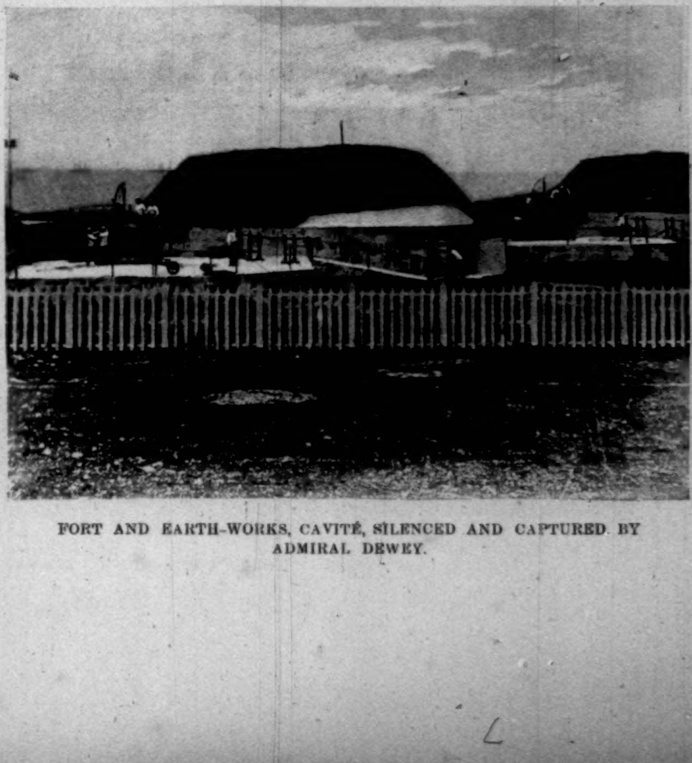
Turning from these reminiscences of the battle, which may yet make the Philippines an American possession, we find in this wonderful group of islands and its metropolis, Manila, subjects well worthy of study and investigation. The more that is known and seen of them, the more they please and surprise. Cuba may be rich and a land of vast opportunities, but the Philippines are richer and capable of greater development. Their location on the map of Asia is similar to that of Cuba in its relation to North America. Each lies to the southeast of the mainland and occupies a position of immeasurable commercial and strategical importance. As Cuba commands the Caribbean, so the Philippines do the South China Sea. Both are lands of sunshine and storm, of continued droughts and long rains, of sugar and tobacco, and of elements in control and rebellion that will no more unite than will oil and water.

On the north Manila is approached from Hong-kong direct; on the south, from Singapore. The former route is over a course of 640 miles, and requires about three days. The latter is longer, or about 1200 miles, and consumes six days, unless one travels on a regular Spanish liner, when the distance is usually covered in four and a half days. Fast boats can make Manila from Hong-kong in forty-eight hours or less. The transport *Zaphiro*, conveying the Naval Department's important messages and a few war correspondents, carried us into Manila Bay in about sixty hours, despite her splendid qualities as a roller and promoter of seasickness among those of us who were better landlubbers than sailors. Although there were moments when I did not care much whether a Spanish cruiser overhauled us or not, the hospitable natures of the commander and officers, with their stories of how the battle was fought, from the moment the fleet in pitch darkness stole into the harbor past Corregidor until the last gun at Cavité was silenced, kept me in a cheerful mood, and made me regret that I too had not been a naval officer, and so had the glory of participating in a combat that will mark an epoch in our history. Had Uncle Sam been good enough to have excused me two weeks earlier from my duties as minister to Siam, I might have at least witnessed the fight.

As one approaches the island of Luzon, the largest of the group, the coast presents a varied appearance, with numerous indentations which often afford excellent harbors or anchorages, and with alternating low and high land making here a beautiful valley and there a plain or broad plateau. Barren rocks are set off against wooded mountains, and sandy beaches slip away into green fields that climb up the hills, which in turn roll back into lofty ranges, from whose summits typhoons descend and at whose base earthquakes have their origin.

III.

The entrance to Manila Bay is accomplished by two passages separated by Corregidor Island, which stands like a mighty sentinel challenging all who may enter. Upon it is a light-house with a revolving light that may be seen a distance of thirty miles. This light, as all others on the coast of the Philippines, was extinguished upon the declaration of war, but the navigators of the American fleet knew their way too well for the Spaniards, and kept their bearings at midnight as if it were mid-day. The guns of the Spanish forts on this island had no terrors for our ships; but if new fortifications were erected and equipped with heavy modern cannon, and the channels properly mined, no fleet in the world could pass this gateway. If Manila becomes an American possession, one of our first steps should be to fortify Corregidor Island, and thus render Manila safe from attack. I never entered a harbor that impressed me as easier of protection, and it is a source of astonishment that the Spanish government had not taken adequate advantage of this natural opportunity to defend its great colonial capital in the East.



FORT AND EARTH-WORKS, CAVITÉ, SILENCED AND CAPTURED BY ADMIRAL DEWEY.

From a few miles beyond Corregidor the bay widens with a grand sweep to the east and north. Steaming almost due northeast, we see Cavité on the right, with its own small harbor, across which, and under the forts of the town, was waiting the Spanish fleet when attacked in the early morning by our squadron. Further to the north on the rounding shore can be seen the walls and battlements of old Manila, with the tower of the observatory and the spires of the cathedral and many other churches rising above the lower level of the surrounding city. The anchorage for large vessels is about three miles from the mouth of the river Pasig, which flows through the heart of Manila, but ships drawing thirteen feet and less can cross the bar of this busy stream into the inner harbor afforded by its waters. The main bay appears like a small inland sea or a broad lagoon, and has a circumference of over one hundred miles. It is ordinarily as peaceful as a sheltered lake, but in the typhoon season waxes now and then into exceeding wrath. To escape its fury vessels then seek the lesser and more protected limits of Cavité Harbor or run out to Subig Bay, an ideal haven above Point Marivales on the north side of the entrance, which the Spanish government has for some time intended to make a naval station. From Corregidor to Manila the distance is about twenty-five miles.

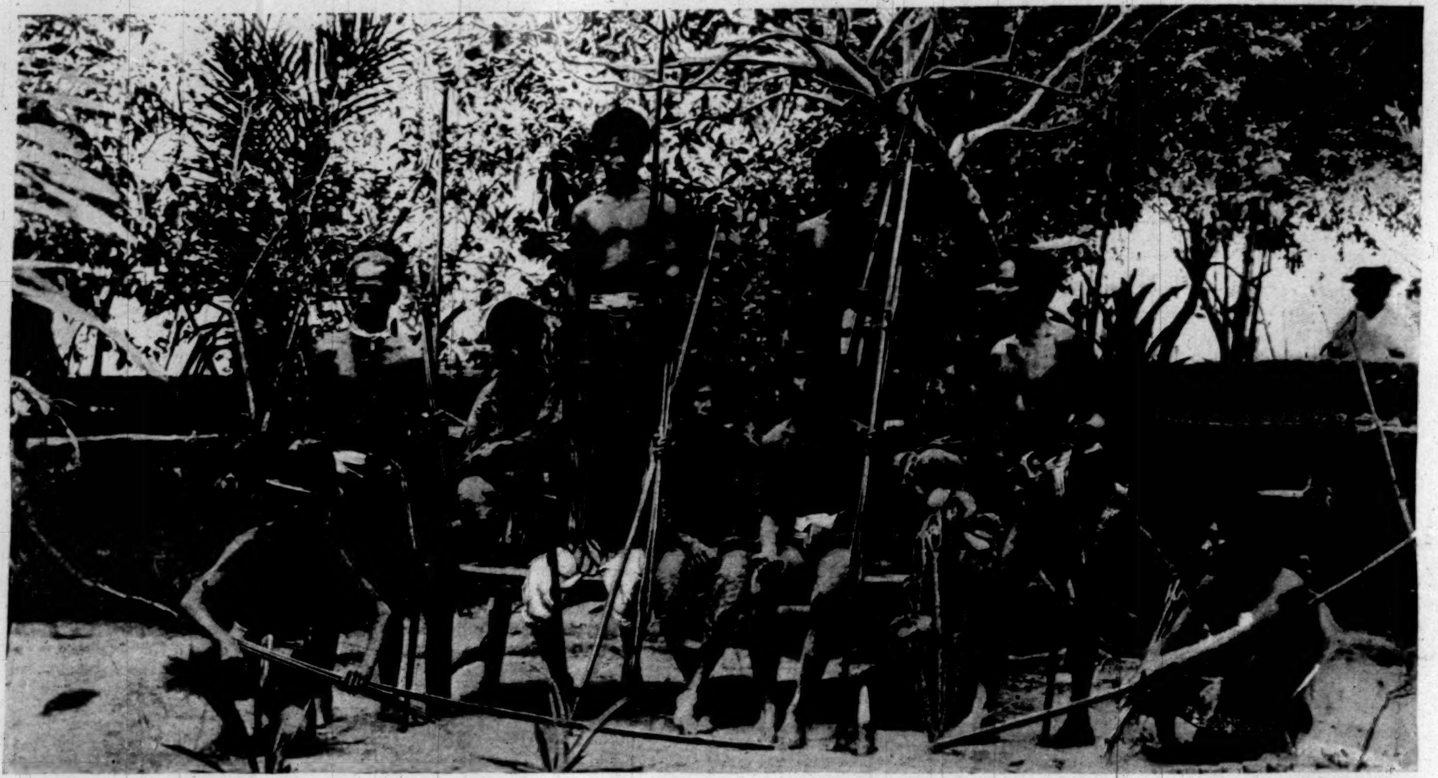
Before describing Manila itself it is well to take our bearings and learn just where we are. On a fair Monday evening we said good-by to Hong-kong—England's mighty Gibraltar and commercial *entrepôt* of the Far East, a magnificent monument of British enterprise and an impregnable outpost of her empire—and steamed out of Kowloon Harbor, where the *Zaphiro* was anchored just over the line in Chinese waters beyond the limits of neutrality. Our course was almost due southeast for 640 miles. Then we stood east and northeast into Manila Bay, arriving alongside the *Olympia* on a Thursday morning, about sixty hours from Hong-kong. Manila itself, according to the chart, is approximately north latitude 14° 36' and east longitude 120° 57', on the same parallel as Nicaragua and the Barbadoes, and due south on the same meridian as Shanghai, very nearly seven thousand miles west by south from San Francisco. These points are cited in detail in view of the possibility of American occupation, when every citizen may wish to be familiar with the exact location of America's Oriental capital.

IV.

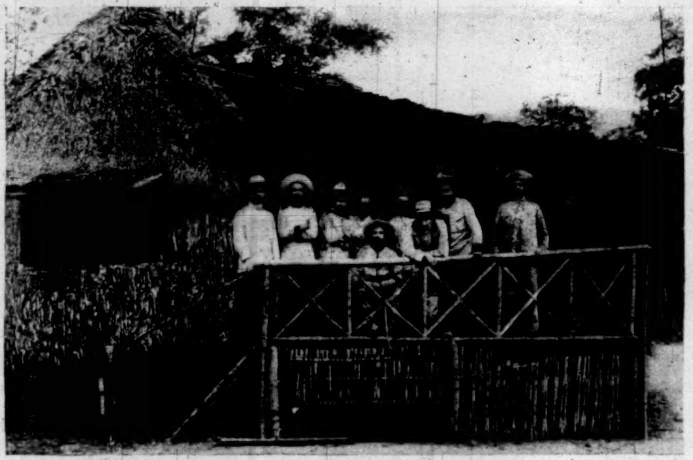
Manila is always interesting. It grows on one. The second impression is better than the first, and the third better than the second. It has its dark, unwholesome side, its tales of woe, misery, and corruption, as well as its bright and cheering features and its stories of joy, comfort, and legitimate ease. It is a metropolis of moods. To-day it is quiet as a graveyard, even sombre and intensely sad—it is a day of special masses by the holy orders. To-morrow it is as lively as Madrid when a mighty bull is to bellow his challenge to the favorite matadore, even gay and hilarious without restraint—it is a day of festivals, celebrations, and cock-fights. The latter days, however, far outnumber the former, and enable Manila to be rated the equal or superior of Saigon, France's pride of the East, and a little Paris in the jungles of Cambodia.

One can walk, ride, drive, or cycle in Manila. The principal streets are hard and fairly paved, and the main roads good, except in the middle of the rainy season, when they often become boggy. Everybody drives who can afford a pair of the wonderful little ponies and a small victoria. Large horses are not numerous and appear out of place, but more are being introduced each year. Bicycles are eventually sure of great popularity with the multitude of suburban roads or paths and the beautiful Luneta, or sea boulevard, with the long avenues reaching out to it and in other directions. I have already described this parkway, but it forms such a popular feature of life in Manila that further reference to it is not out of place. A few miles from the filth and heat of the crowded business section, and open to the bay, lighted by electricity, enlivened by the music of an excellent band, and provided with a promenade, as well as driveway, where the belles and beaux can exchange glances and words while chaperons rest on the comfortable settees, it is indeed a favorite rendezvous for all classes except the English and German communities, who have clubs of their own where they gather in leisure hours.

The new English Club is delightfully located beyond



CHIEF AND ESCORT OF AETAS, OR NEGRITOS, THE ORIGINAL NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES, LIVING IN MOUNTAINS.



HEADQUARTERS OF OFFICERS OF SPANISH ARTILLERY.

AN INDIAN RESIDENCE, BOHOL.

Don Mariana Elanera, Second in Command. — Don Pedro Alejandro Pateono, Arbiter between Rebels and Spanish, Spanish Captain, Aide to Prima de Rivera. — Col. Yutong. — Lieut.-Col. Miguel Prima de Rivera, Spanish Officer in Charge of Rebels. — Col. Gregorio del Pilar, Adjutant to Aguinaldo. — Primitivo Astarcho. — Col. Thomas Mascard.

Don V. B. Guerra, Secretary to Minister of War. — Brig.-Gen. Manuel Irno. — Vincendan Vineagra. — Emilo d'Aguinaldo, Rebel Leader. — Monteneigro. — Benito Natividad. — Kabingtoa.

REBEL LEADERS, AND SPANISH OFFICERS IN CHARGE OF THEIR DEPORTATION FROM THE ISLANDS.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

SUNDAY SERVICE ON THE SPANISH CRUISER "REINA CRISTINA," DESTROYED IN THE ENGAGEMENT WITH ADMIRAL DEWEY'S SQUADRON.

THE ESCOLTA, THE PRINCIPAL THOROUGHFARE OF MANILA.

MANILA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

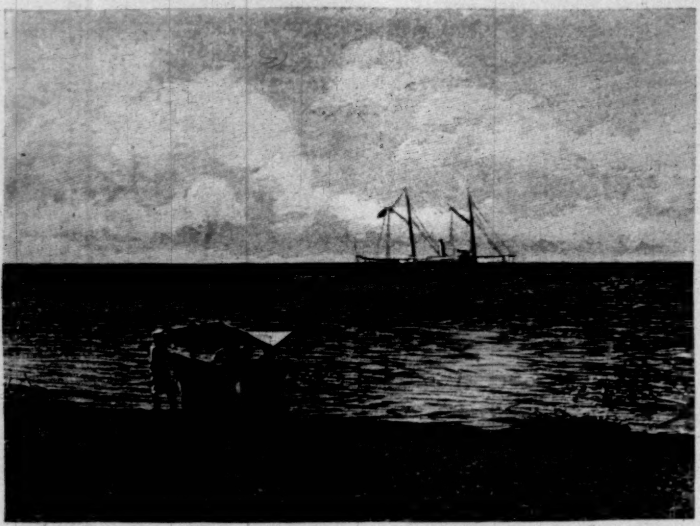
the Luneta on the bay shore, and is a neat, hospitable, and well-managed institution. It has billiard-rooms, a reading-room and library, dining-room, bar-room, and accommodation for six or seven guests who may find the hotels uninviting. Facing the water, it is always cooled by the breezes and free from the noxious air of the city. On its veranda the British colony watched the great naval battle from the first to the last gun, and all agreed that it was the most spectacular and thrilling performance they had ever witnessed. When the admiral signalled the fleet to retire for breakfast, the president of the club jokingly suggested that the members invite him to tiffin with them, and direct the remainder of the battle from their veranda. An obtuse Spaniard, on hearing this, rushed off and told the governor-general, with the result that a guard of two hundred soldiers immediately surrounded the club building and demanded of each man who he was before permitting him to pass their cordon. Even the British consul had to carry "two stone" extra of dignity in order to penetrate the line of soldiery, and more than one young fellow intending to dine with a fair mestizo missed his engagement.

OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE PHILIPPINES, FRONTING THE RIVER PASIG.

Connected with this club is a tiffin or lunch room annex in the business centre, where all the foreign merchants congregate between twelve and one. The Germans also have a club, which is supported by a considerable number of their countrymen. The Spanish officials, naval and military, likewise have their clubs, so that life in Manila has at least some antidotes to loneliness and dulness. These are supplemented by tennis, golf, boating, shooting, and racing clubs, which prevent monotony, provide exercise, and add to the attractions of the place.

V.

Manila's amusements are not overwhelming in number, variety, or interest, but the buoyancy of the average Spaniard requires some life and gayety to make his stay



SPANISH GUNBOAT DESTROYED BY UNITED STATES FLEET—CAVITÉ HARBOR.

in the tropics agreeable. Business and pleasure are duly mingled in each day's routine, and needed rest and sleep to overcome the enervating effects of the tropics are not forgotten. With Englishmen, whose home life and surroundings are similar to our own, daily exercise is taken and required. Without it they could not stand the climate; and although the conditions of health in Manila, as in other cities of the hot belt, are unfavorable compared with those of the temperate zone, and men are more easily and frequently stricken with fatal illness, this adverse influence can be largely, if not completely, counterbalanced by exercise, moderation in drinking and eating, precaution against the sun in the middle of the day, and abundance of sleep, including a daily siesta. In Manila men engaged in business usually reach their offices between eight and nine; lunch comes at twelve, and work is practically suspended until two, during which interval, and after the meal, the siesta is enjoyed; work is resumed until four-thirty, when the Englishman goes for his exercise, to be followed by a visit to the club, and the Spaniard takes his chocolate, followed by a drive to the Luneta. Later come occasional dinner parties, but these are mostly confined to the different sets—the Spanish official, including military and naval, the mercantile and mestizo, and the foreigners. There is little exchange of social courtesies between the official Spaniards and foreigners, unless at formal gatherings where consuls and heads of large firms are invited. The usual dinner hour is eight. Calls are seldom if ever made, except among the closest friends, after that, but are confined to the short period of the late afternoon or early evening, when chocolate is served by the lady of the house. This is a most refreshing drink, characteristic of Manila, and much preferred to tea. It is prepared from the beans of the cacao-tree by the servants of each household, and much pride is taken in having only the best that can be made. If you praise a Spanish lady's chocolate you win her smiles at once.

The food-supply of Manila leaves much to be desired. Fresh provisions, meats, and delicacies of good quality are difficult to obtain, and the markets are limited in what they supply. Nearly everybody has the same fare, cooked in the same style. Perhaps for this reason dinner parties are not more popular. Special care must also be taken during the hotter season of the year in regard to certain kinds of fresh supplies—such as fish, fruits, and salads. Dysentery and like afflictions are always in evidence, which usually have their cause in unwholesome food. Fever easily attacks foreigners when not in good general form. The conditions of health, food-supply, and the sanitary arrangements of the city could be vastly improved if it was occupied by a government that would make needed improvements and by people that would encourage better markets. Yet I would not suggest that Manila is an unhealthy city for foreigners, nor that they suffer from a limited variety of food. No one complains particularly, and all seem to keep well and enjoy life who accept things philosophically as they find them, are cautious in regard to their habits, and do not foolishly expose themselves to the heat of the sun. Lest I fail to give the warning elsewhere, let me advise every American, whether sent to Manila as a soldier or travelling thither as a tourist, to provide himself with a large pith hat or helmet to wear during the dangerous hours of the day, from ten to four, when the rays of the sun beat down with killing force. Such headwear for out-door experience, together with an ample equipment of light white duck clothing and thin underwear, will enable a man to keep well and be comfortable at all hours.

Manila supports a theatre, uninviting in appearance, but where very good Italian and Spanish operas are heard during the cool season, which are attended on special nights by all the ladies in evening dress. Especially prominent are the mestizo girls and young women, daughters of the richer merchants, who usually wear brilliant gowns, and are blessed with bright eyes, pretty complexions, and vivacious manners. A stranger who enters pit or loge is stared at from head to foot, and if he either holds a high official position or is handsome and has plenty of money, he will soon find these stares are only the first skirmishes for better acquaintance, and even charming hospitality. If my opinion were asked of the beauty, style, and dress of the better class of Manila women, whether Spaniards or mestizos, I should speak in complimentary terms. The majority of them are well bred and educated, have good manners and carriage, and dress becomingly. There are exceptions, some of whom were quite noticeable after the declaration of war and during the first days of the siege, in their efforts to insult by act and word anybody and anything that suggested America or American; but they are calming down now, and may yet grow to like us. The Spanish women dress much the same as in Spain, and even in the hottest days wear no hats, content with the ancient and honored mantilla and an umbrella or covered landau. The average well-to-do native woman wears a satin skirt of brilliant perpendicular stripes, and a waist dress, or chemisette, without corsets, and with short wide sleeves. Over the shoulders is thrown a cloth, which stands high at the back of the neck, falls to a point behind, and is fastened décolleté to the chemisette in front.

The Spanish men and advanced mestizos and natives dress like Europeans and Americans; but there is one class that is peculiar because they wear long shirts outside of their trousers. Inasmuch, therefore, as the shirt is a prominent feature of their dress, it is often made, as is the neck-cloth of the women, of a rich and rare texture of pine and hemp, woven with extraordinary skill, and possessing a delicate finish.

I have digressed from amusements to describe dress. Perhaps, in truth, that is not as inconsistent as it might first appear, but the main subject should not be dismissed without mentioning the cock-fights. So popular have they become that they are now farmed out to the highest bidder, who has an exclusive monopoly of the sport in the city or province. There are special laws enacted to cover the size and age of the cocks, and the kind of spurs and helmets they can wear. Wild excitement prevails around a pit, and betting goes on without limit when the birds are well matched. Men will rise from death-beds and soldiers shirk their watch to witness a cock-fight. Gambling goes on among the Chinese and natives to an extensive degree, but this is also farmed and regulated.

There is a series of horse or pony races each year for both gentlemen and professional riders, but I hear that, as the management has fallen into doubtful hands, the Englishmen are planning to form a new and more select organization, or Gymkhana club. Tennis tournaments come at stated intervals, while the supporters of golf, boating, riding, and cycling are increasing in number each year.

VI.

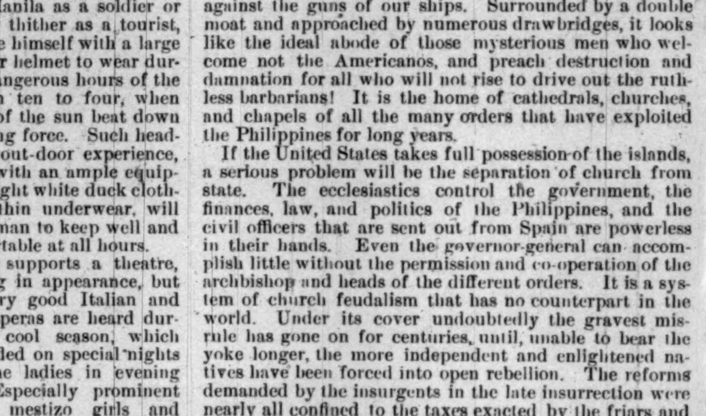
The river Pasig is the main water artery of the city, and the Escolta is the leading business thoroughfare. Before the blockade the river was thronged with myriads of craft of all kinds, small and large, steam and sail, which were coming and going. The Escolta contains the principal Spanish or European retail establishments, while the wholesale hemp, sugar, and tobacco houses are distributed through the business centre, or Binondo. Tram-cars drawn by mules that might be antiquities preserved from the days of Legaspi or Magellan, if speed is a measure of age, run or crawl along the Escolta. The Rosario is the trading centre of the Chinese, who form a large portion of Manila's population. These streets and sections are on the left as one enters the city, or to the north of the Pasig.

On the south side is the famous old city with castellated walls, heavy grim embrasures, and ancient cannon upon their grassy top—once impregnable, but now no protection against the guns of our ships. Surrounded by a double moat and approached by numerous drawbridges, it looks like the ideal abode of those mysterious men who welcome not the Americanos, and preach destruction and damnation for all who will not rise to drive out the ruthless barbarians! It is the home of cathedrals, churches, and chapels of all the many orders that have exploited the Philippines for long years.

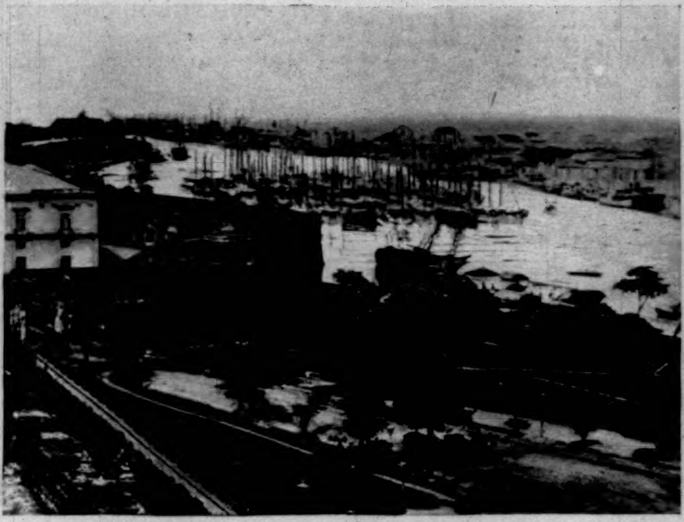
If the United States takes full possession of the islands, a serious problem will be the separation of church from state. The ecclesiastics control the government, the finances, law, and politics of the Philippines, and the civil officers that are sent out from Spain are powerless in their hands. Even the governor-general can accomplish little without the permission and co-operation of the archbishop and heads of the different orders. It is a system of church feudalism that has no counterpart in the world. Under its cover undoubtedly the gravest misrule has gone on for centuries, until, unable to bear the yoke longer, the more independent and enlightened natives have been forced into open rebellion. The reforms demanded by the insurgents in the late insurrection were nearly all confined to the taxes exacted by the friars and to the other impositions of religious orders. There may be some redeeming features about this domination, including the education of the natives and the conduct of civilizing and advanced scientific institutions in Manila, as well as hospitals and homes for the indigent, aged, and crippled; but a continuance of the present autocratic sway cannot last long, whether the United States or Spain guards the future of the 7,000,000 inhabitants concerned.

VII.

The first of these ecclesiastics to exploit the Philippines were the Augustinians, who came with Legaspi from Spain in the middle of the sixteenth century. They have been followed by the Franciscans, Dominican Fathers, Religious Devotees, the Society of Jesus, and finally the Capuchins. The Society of Jesus has charge of the famous Meteorological Observatory, where typhoons are discovered and analyzed with the skill of a chemist working on a favorite compound. They also direct the



SPANISH TROOPS HEARING MASS.



RIVER PASIG, FROM THE CITADEL, MANILA.

City Athenæum and Normal School for Teachers, two excellent institutions. The total number of priests or friars in the islands is estimated from 3000 to 5000, of whom 600 to 1000 are located in Manila. The severest criticisms ever written on these orders have come from men of their own faith in America and England. Were they to limit themselves purely to missionary, educational, and medical work, like their brother priests who are doing great good in Siam and China, the Philippines would be far more prosperous, and the people happier and more peaceful. The representatives of the Church met in Manila are highly educated and oftentimes brilliant men. It is difficult to believe that they could ever have countenanced the mendacious proclamation about Americans which was signed by the archbishop and promulgated throughout the islands after the declaration of war and the battle of Manila Bay, but the horrors of war are so extensive that they may even include unholy declarations made under the guise of a holy seal. My personal relations with the friars, whenever I met them, were pleasant. They accorded me every facility, whether hunting in the archives of monasteries for the history of the old Acapulco galleons or seeking their assistance in interior journeys; but my observations on their methods are the frank expression of what I learned from the best authorities and saw with my own eyes. They may themselves yet acknowledge the wisdom of reforms if America shall set up a provisional or permanent government, in which case their experience, education, and influence may prove of invaluable assistance.

An incident that followed the destruction of the Spanish fleet and the bombardment of Cavité illustrates the absolute ignorance, on the other hand, of some of the ecclesiastics in regard to the humanity and civilization of Americans. When officers of our fleet went ashore, under orders of the admiral, to take possession of the fort, a long solemn line of dark-garbed friars wended their way to the water's edge and begged that the *Americans would be so merciful as to spare the wounded!*

VIII.

The great Magellan discovered the Philippines in 1521, in the course of his famous sail around the world, when he passed through the strait that bears his name. He took possession in the name of Charles I. of Spain, but did not survive to report his mighty achievement to his king, being killed in an engagement with the natives on the island of Cebu. Spain assumed formal control of the islands in 1565, and the first governor was the distinguished General Legaspi, whose name will always have high rank in Spanish colonial history.

The Philippines have ever been the home of internal strife and the object of external attack. In the early days there was continued fighting, which bred a spirit of unrest that has never been quieted, and yet nearly all the civil wars have been due to abuses and oppression.

The American fleet is not the first to descend on Manila. In 1606 the Dutch blockaded the port in an effort to capture the Philippines, but their ships were destroyed by the Spanish fleet. Adventuresome Chinese have made invasions from time to time—the chief of which was under command of the daring pirate Li Ma-Hon, who was finally driven into the sea by General Salcedo. In 1762, or 136 years ago, Manila was captured by English forces, and would probably have remained to this day a British colony had not political conditions in Europe led England to evacuate the city, after Spain had promised a ransom of $5,000,000, which she never paid. For this reason there are Englishmen to-day who maintain that it would only be right that the United States should turn over the islands to Great Britain, or give her preference in a sale. Rebellions have broken out in 1822, 1841, 1842, 1872, 1896, and 1897, when the object of the rebels has been to either drive Spain out of the islands or force her to grant sweeping reforms. While none has been actually successful, the last two have accomplished more than the others. From my knowledge of the Philippinos, I do not believe that they would resort to rebellion were they fairly governed and not ground down by taxation.

The present Spanish local government is not unlike that which has prevailed in Cuba, and has at its head a governor-general appointed by the home government, who carries the title of captain-general, and is paid a salary of $40,000. He is assisted by an administrative council of three members and a chief of general direction. Under these are numerous divisions and subdivisions of civil administration, while co-operating with them are military general governments and provincial governments under naval officers, the personnel of which are all paid fat salaries. The average total recorded revenue is $15,000,000 per annum, and is derived chiefly from customs, lotteries, monopolies, and direct taxes. The receipts would greatly exceed expenditures if wholesale "squeezing" did not obtain. I would not intimate that no honest officials are to be found in the Philippines, but there is a legion of those who have itching palms.

IX.

The population of the entire group is over 7,000,000. Manila has not less than 300,000 inhabitants, of which the total of pure-blood Spaniards, aside from soldiers, does not exceed 5000; but the mestizos (half-bloods) number about 50,000, of whom 4000 are Spanish mestizos and 46,000 Chinese. There are also some 20,000 regular Chinese, and, approximately, 300 Europeans and Americans. The large remainder is made up chiefly of pure natives, and natives mixed with Chinese, Malays, and other neighboring races. Notwithstanding the population is considerable in figures, the interior does not appear in the least crowded.

There has been a wide difference of opinion among authorities as to the exact area of the Philippines. Some experts have claimed as high as 160,000 square miles, others state as low as 52,000, but a truer estimate is probably the mean figure of 100,000. Certain it is that they have never been all accurately surveyed. Only approximate coast-lines have been obtained for assistance in navigation.

Suffice it to say that the major portions of them are yet comparatively unknown lands, with unlimited opportunities for exploitation and development at the hands of enterprising Americans. A study of the map interests the student at once, and convinces the most sceptical of the possibilities of discovering or improving new fields of mineral and agricultural wealth.

The climate of Manila is not bad, for the tropics. It is not hotter than Saigon, Bangkok, or Singapore; but, still, it is very different from San Francisco, New York, or even New Orleans. The average range of the thermometer is between sixty and ninety, seldom exceeding the latter and less frequently sinking lower than the former, with a mean point of eighty in the middle of the day. There are the usual rainy and dry seasons. The first lasts from early June to early November, and the second through the other months. November, December, and January are delightful, and Manila is as comfortable as Monaco or Mentone of the Riviera, while March, April, and May are the hottest months. The rainy season does not imply continued dampness. The days are exceptional when the sun does not shine brightly for some hours. Typhoons can be expected from May to November, but September is the worst period. These are now foretold with such precision that preparation can usually be made for full safety and protection. Earthquakes enliven the situation at various intervals, but their number and destructiveness are on the wane. The old resident accepts them as a matter of course, and laughs at the fears of parvenus.

The key to endurance of heat and enjoyment of life in the tropics is contained in the following formula, deduced from several years' residence on the fourteenth parallel: Arise early, bathe in warm water, and enjoy the cool of the morning; breakfast very light; keep the bowels regular; work under a punka, and do not venture into the heat of the sun without a proper pith hat, helmet, or lined umbrella; eat a fair lunch or tiffin, and follow it with a siesta or nap for an hour; continue work up to 4.30 in the afternoon; bathe again, and go out immediately for exercise at tennis, golf, polo, boating, shooting, cycling, riding, walking, or whatever will limber one up and create healthy perspiration; drive, if nothing better is feasible; go to the club, but limit "stingahs" (or whiskies and sodas) to two; bathe again, and dine heartily, but not heavily, at eight, with as limited amount of drinks as possible; if dining alone, retire by ten; if out, be excused at eleven; and sleep without worry of the morrow in a pair of light flannel pajamas and an abdomen (or "cholera") belt, under a mosquito-net, with a "Dutch wife"—as the big bolsters are called that make a bed bearable on a hot night. This summary of health rules may appear out of place under the caption of this article, but I would advise all Americans intending to visit or live in Manila to follow it rigorously, with such exceptions as their own physiques may require.

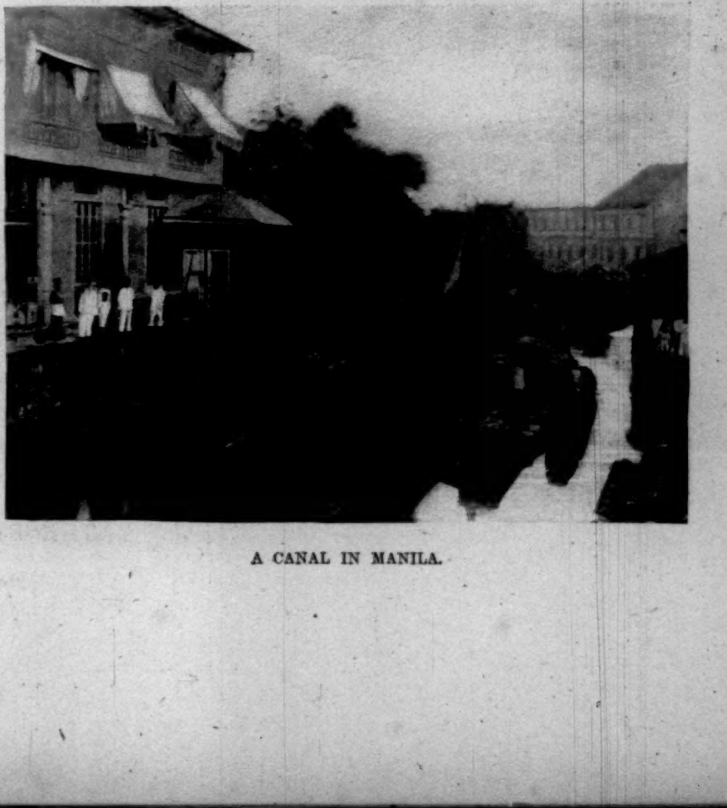
X.

There is sufficient romance woven into the annals of the Philippines and Manila, that dates back to the days when the galleons loaded to the gunwales with golden products sailed over the seas to Acapulco, to give a mellowness to the commercial side of their history that would otherwise be lacking. The hard, stern processes of trade intercourse would, without it, alone attract our attention, and leave the world without interest in those days, the story of which is fact, but whose details read like fairy-tales. Still, we are concerned with the present and not the past. The United States is making war not on traditions handed down from musty ages, but from the necessities of the hour. So what of commerce and trade of the Philippines? In 1894, the latest date for which figures are available at the moment of writing, when and where reference-books are at a premium (for ships going into battle do not carry heavy libraries of trade reports, unless for ballast or fuel), the combined value of imports and exports was $61,708,536 Mexicans—approximately, gold, $30,000,000. Exports exceeded imports by about $2,000,000. In the order of importance the chief exports were sugar, hemp, manufactured tobacco, raw tobacco, and coffee. With the customs returns showing $30,000,000 gold, the man who understands the inside of the Philippines custom-house methods will place the total at $40,000,000 gold. If the United States eventually governs the Philippines, that amount will go up by strides and bounds, until it passes the $200,000,000 mark, or to a point where America will be the chief gainer, followed by Great Britain.

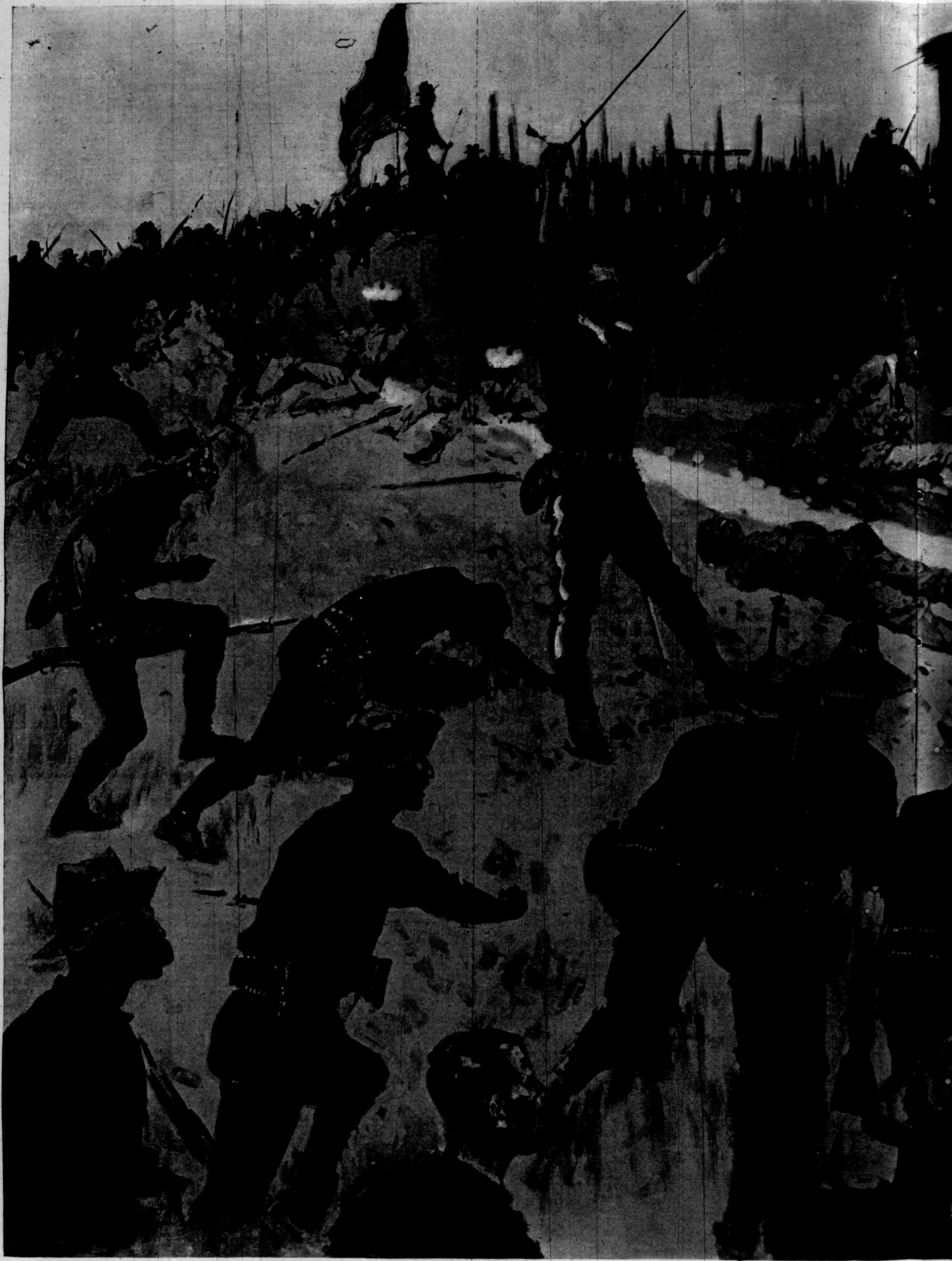
SPANISH BRIDGE, MANILA.

A richer isolated land or group of islands, viewed comparatively as to area and population, variety of agricultural, mineral, and forest resources undeveloped, in addition to those already improved, cannot be pointed out on the map of the world. But it is not only I that say this. Every authority in the Far East that I have consulted affirms this opinion or adds to its emphasis. There are not only gold and silver, but iron and coal; not only vast forests of ship and house building woods, but rarest qualities for furnishing, finishing, and ornamenting; not only great areas given up to the cultivation of sugar, hemp, tobacco, and coffee, but wider reaches of virgin soil untouched, and waiting the hand of the pioneer who is supported by an honest government. There are one or two railways, but there should be a score. There are a few lines of communications with the numberless islands, large and small, but there should be systems of launches and steamers by which every one of these garden spots could be reached and developed. There is nothing to fear from the natives, provided they once know that they are not to be oppressed and tax-ridden.

When first I visited the Philippines and



A CANAL IN MANILA.



THE STORMING OF SAN JUAN—THE HEAD OF TH

Drawn by Frederic Remington, Special Artist for "Har

T THE CHARGE—SANTIAGO DE CUBA, JULY 1.

"Harper's Weekly" with General Shafter's Army.

neighboring groups, some years ago, I was so impressed with the prodigality of nature that I made a list of resources that came under my observation. Of woods there are cedar, sapan-wood, iron-wood, bamboo, ebony, logwood, palma-brava, gum, and a wonderful variety of hard and soft woods.

Cultivated or growing wild are to be found hemp, sugar-cane, tobacco, coffee, rice, bananas, ginger, vanilla, cassia, pepper, indigo, pineapples, cocoa, cacao, wheat, maize, ramie, and cotton, as well as tamarind, mangoes, durions, oranges, guavas, limes, citrons, jack-fruit, custard-apples, and all kinds of garden products. Of minerals, aside from gold and silver, iron and coal, already noted, there are copper, quicksilver, tin, antimony, saltpetre, and sulphur. From the sea come coral, tortoise-shell, amber, and pearl. Beds of marble and deposits of gypsum are being worked to a small degree. Among the more useful animals are the hardy ponies—not native, but an adapted cross between the Chinese and Andalusian—indispensable water-buffaloes, swine, goats, cattle, and a few sheep, with a long list of wild fauna as varied as the flora, which is indeed marvellous in both beauty and utility. Deer, wild-boar, wild-duck, pheasants, snipe, pigeons, woodcock, afford sport all the year round.

The Philippines are far indeed from being even a tropical paradise, and have their physical as well as political deficiencies, but the description given in these pages contains no exaggeration. The world at large has paid so little attention to Spain's colonies in the East, and the Spaniards, knowing their riches, have so carefully guarded the truth, that it is now most difficult to make men believe what lands of wealth they actually are. If American capital is allowed to enter the Philippines, it will find abundant field for profitable investment, and the traveller and sportsman, as well as the promoter and prospector, will discover new opportunities for enjoyment or gain.

XI.

Were Manila permanently in our possession, or that of some enterprising European power, it could be made one of the most beautiful cities of the world, as well as a splendid commercial *entrepôt* and great seaport. Its location and climatic conditions are favorable to all kinds of improvements. Were the water and river-frontage used to best advantage, new wharves, quays, or bunds constructed, the principal business streets widened and new ones opened, boulevards and avenues leading to the suburbs, which are the residential section, improved or extended, parks laid out, the moats around the walled city cleaned of their accumulated filth, a sanitary system provided to supplement the water-works already in operation, and natural opportunities for a perfect harbor improved, Manila would easily surpass Yokohama, Shanghai, Saigon, and Singapore in attractiveness, and become as much an American capital in Asia as Calcutta is a British metropolis. Likewise, were the main island of Luzon, and the lesser ones of Palawan, Panay, Cebu, Mindoro, and Mindanao, entirely exploited and developed, railways built, communication with the distant interior established, and trade exchange between Manila and the multitude of lesser points, like Iloilo and Cebu, fostered, there would a change come over these islands, the Antilles of the Orient, that would astonish the world. Before our government surrenders them to some other nation, it must consider these possibilities, and whether it will gain or lose by the transfer. If I mention the field for improvements, I would not overlook those that have been already made. While Manila has tramways (which, by-the-way, should be an electric system) on her principal streets, there is an important railway running from the capital northwest, through a magnificent country, for 123 miles to Dagupan. A steam-road also runs out to Malabon, and another is proposed to Cavité. Electricity lights the more frequented streets, squares, parks, and business houses. Telephones are in general use, and telegraph lines run in many directions, including a cable to Hong-kong. Fresh water is supplied to the city in pipes, taken from the river Pasig, above the city at Santalan, and as the supply exceeds the demand, there are numerous fountains placed at convenient points where native inhabitants can satisfy their needs.

The great cigar-factories, where the chief industry of Manila is carried on, are well constructed and cleanly kept. Many of them would be a credit to America, and equal in extent and capital invested similar institutions in Havana. The cigars made are as famous in the Old World as Havanas in the New, and entirely supply the Asiatic and part of the European market. These, with the large hemp and sugar godowns seen in the business part of Manila, at once convince the visitor of the natural wealth of the Philippines.

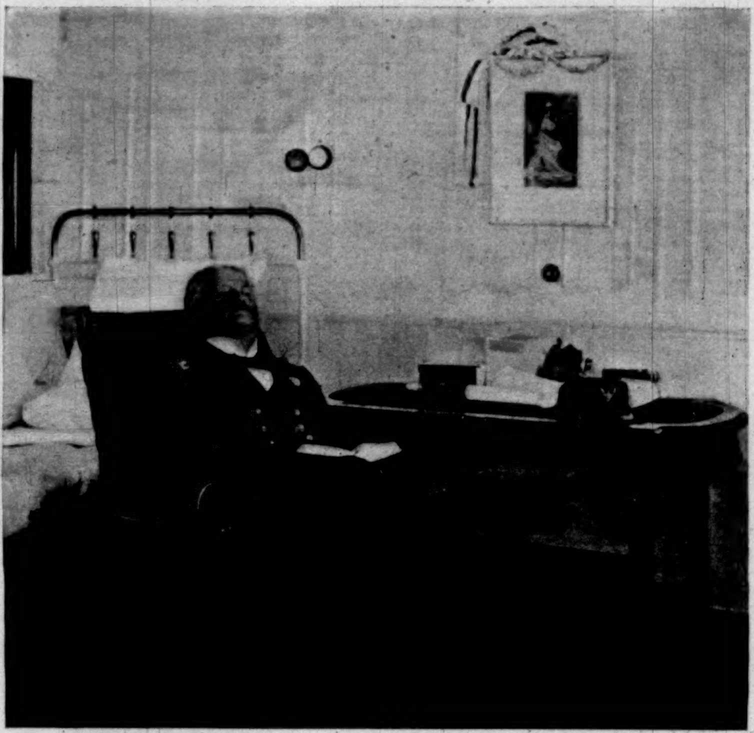
Manila has more newspapers than any other Oriental capital. There are six dailies, of which three are published in the morning and three in the evening. Educational and charitable institutions with imposing names are a prominent feature of Manila, including the Royal and Pontifical University of St. Thomas, under the control of the Dominican Fathers; the College of St. Thomas, with fifty free scholarships for Spaniards; the College of San Juan de Letran for natives; the College of San José, which is a school of pharmacy and medicine, under direction of the viceregal patron; the orphan asylum of Cambobong, in charge of the Augustinians; the St. Joseph's Home for Poor and Demented Children; the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, which has a large staff of physicians, sisters, and assistants, and the Hospital of San Lazaro for lepers. In addition to these there is the Royal Polytechnic Society of Friends of the Country, to promote investigation into arts, science, and commerce; the Library Museum; the famous observatory already mentioned, and many semi-social and musical societies. There is a chamber of commerce to protect trade interests, but whether at present it is an active force for good is doubtful. One of the chief boons it could confer on Manila would be the construction of a good hotel.

The architecture of Manila is not notable, aside from the walls of the old city and a few of the older churches. The frequent earthquakes are the enemy of stone structures. In building, the chief materials used are wood and plaster over lathing, which, when skilfully done, often gives the appearance of stone or cement. The cathedral has been destroyed several times since its first construction in 1578. None of the officials have magnificent residences, but they are roomy and cool. The regular style of domicile of Spaniards and foreigners is a two-story wooden structure, with the living-apartments on the second floor, and the stables and servant-quarters on the first, or ground, floor. The city is broken here and there with squares, which are ornamented by the useful fountains. These squares are favorite lounging-places for the natives, who seem to find life no burden. Despite the rebellions that break out periodically, the masses are of a quiet, tractable, and polite disposition, friendly inclined to foreigners, and hospitable to those in whom they have confidence. Whether wandering through the gay streets of Manila or journeying far into the interior, a man is shown respect who does not treat them unkindly or excite their suspicion. They remind me very much of the natives of Malay and Siam.

They have no one language, except Spanish, which is limited to the educated and higher classes, but are divided by dialects according to geographical location. They all understand a little Malay, of which, in fact, their vernacular seems to be a corruption or branch. English is little understood, except among Chinese servants employed in houses of Englishmen. He who wishes to enjoy the Philippines, or make the best of his stay there, should be able to speak Spanish or Malay.

XII.

To treat comprehensively of such a broad subject as Manila and the Philippines in the limits of an article of this nature is impossible. It can only include a glimpse here and there of capital and country, a few sketches of life and people, a passing glance at resources and opportunities, and a summary of details and data that, elaborated, would fill a volume. There are many better authorities than I on these wonderful islands, and possibly many whose impressions and opinions are very different from mine, and who may dispute some of my conclusions, but I have faithfully endeavored to portray briefly those principal features which I have had the opportunity of noting, and which may be of particular interest, in view of the recent naval battle and probable American occupation.



GENERAL MERRITT, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE EXPEDITION TO THE PHILIPPINES, IN HIS CABIN ON THE TRANSPORT "NEWPORT."

SANTIAGO AND CANEY.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

III.

July 5, 1898.

GRIMES's battery, too, had ceased firing at El Pozo. His first shot got an angry answer instantly, and the first Spanish shell killed a horse against the blue stucco walls of El Pozo and the man who was loading it with provisions. In a few minutes two sergeants were killed, a corporal was mortally wounded, two artillerymen were badly shot, and several Rough Riders who were halted at El Pozo were slightly wounded. Another shell, exploding in a group of Cubans, had killed several and had wounded a dozen. At this point began the central lane of death, and the terrible procession to the rear was on its way. Men with arms in slings; men with trousers torn away at the knee and bandaged legs; men with brow, face, mouth, or throat swathed; men with no shirts, but a broad swathe around the chest or stomach—each bandage grotesquely pictured with human figures printed to show how it should be bound on whatever part of the body the bullet entered. Men staggering along unaided, or between two comrades, or borne on litters, some white and quiet, some groaning and blood-stained, some conscious, some dying, some using a rifle for support, or a stick thrust through the side of a tomato-can, and not a crutch to be seen. Rolls, haversacks, blouses, hardtack, Bibles, strewn by the way-side where the soldiers had thrown them before they went into action. Nearly all of the wounded were dazed and drunken in appearance, except at the brows, which were tightly drawn with pain. One man with short, thick, upright red hair, stumbling from one side of the road to the other, with no wound apparent, and muttering: "Oh, I don't know what happened to me. I don't know what happened to me."

Another, hopping across the creek on one leg—the other bare and wounded—and using his gun, muzzle down, as a vaulting-pole. Another, with his arm in the sling, pointing out the way to me.

"Take this road," he said. "I don't know where that one goes, but I know this one. I went up this one and I brought back a souvenir," he added, cheerily.

Another tall handsome fellow, a Rough Rider, whom I remembered having seen at social functions in Washington last winter, whom I next saw at Tampa standing for an hour in the hot sun with his roll, and whom I saw now with his hand bandaged—weak, white, trembling, but walking alone, still gentle, considerate, uncomplaining, asserting that he was not hurt except in his hand, and not mentioning the bullet in his chest. I saw him again next morning a mile further down the road, after he had slept in the woods all night with his wound undressed, much weaker, more feverish, but still saying he needed no help, still anxious to give nobody the slightest trouble; and next day I saw him sitting in the hot sun at Siboney, ten miles further on (he had walked the whole way, I think), waiting to get to a hospital-ship—and confessing, at last, that he would like to have a canned peach. He had been shot lying down, and the bullet went through his hat, scraped through the skin along his temple, passed through the palm of his hand, and lodged in his chest. His name was Cosby. I hope he will pull through, and I'd like him to know that I got his canned peach, with a doctor's order, but that he was on his way to the ship when I got back to his hot resting-place on the sand. Such a man and such a spirit has not been hard to find in this fight.

And everywhere men were cautioning us to beware the guerillas, who were in the trees, adding horror to the scene—shooting wounded men on litters, hospital men, doctors. Once there was almost the horror of a panic in the crowded road. Soldiers answered from the road; men came running back; bullets spattered around us; and Whigham, the bridge of whose nose was still raw from a Mauser bullet which broke the bridge of his spectacles, and whose counsel was, therefore, wise, led me, most willing, with considerable haste aside into the cactus. Perhaps they were only spent bullets, as some still assert, but they whistled from both sides of the road, and were lively in number, and came near enough getting both of us to make us care very little about their previous history. And it was this way until we got under the trenches, where there was a horizontal hail-storm sweeping steadily over our heads. And yet they were not as disturbing as I thought they would be, so much like buzzing insects were they; and at the trenches the sound of the Mauser bullet was not unmusical. Really it was not much unlike the last few bars of a meadow-lark's song when you hear it at sunset and at a distance. Now and then a bullet would have a hoarse sound; that meant that it had ricocheted. But when a shell came, that was hideous, and I could follow one for several hundred yards with my eye. Men were lying all about us—Americans and a few Cubans and Spaniards—prisoners, wounded, dying, and dead. One poor fellow gasped three times at my elbow, gave one deep, peaceful breath, and went, as I thought, to sleep; but it was his last sleep.

A little later we crossed the trenches and went into the captured fort of San Juan. It was little more than a well-fortified block-house, and I counted but seven dead Spaniards about it. It was dusk now, but the Spaniards were still potting at anybody who exposed himself; but soon even they stopped this, and the moon rose, and the day's battle was over.

Camp fires were lighted on the stormed hill-side, and soldiers, in a natural reaction, were cheerily dividing their meagre rations and cooking supper where, not ten yards away perhaps, a dead comrade was being put into his grave. I never saw a more peaceful moonlit night than the night that closed over the field. It was hard to realize that the day had not been a terrible dream. There was a haze of smoke and one bright fire around Caney, from which tireless Chaffee was already starting his worn-out soldiers on an all-night march by the rear and to the trenches of Santiago. I could see even the hill from which Capron sent the first shot of the day. The shell burst harmlessly, and meant nothing but a signal to fire to the waiting soldiers around Caney, the Cubans lurking around the block-house, and the impatient battery at El Pozo. But, retrospectively now, it meant the death-knell of brave men, the quick cry and long groaning of the wounded, the pained breathing of the sick and fever-stricken, the quickened heart-beats of the waiting and anxious at home, the low sobbing of the women to whom fatal news came. It meant, too, Cervera's gallant dash, Sampson's great victory, the fall of Santiago, the freedom of this island, a quieter sleep for the *Maine* dead, and, perhaps, peace with Spain.

JOHN FOX, JR.

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS.*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.

XII.—THE BISHOP ENGAGES THE ATTENTION OF THE GUIDES.

WHEN the boat touched the shore Margery ran to the cabin to assure Mrs. Archibald of her safety, if she had been missed.

The bishop was sticking the stake in the hole from which he had pulled it, when Martin came running to him.

"That's a pretty piece of business!" cried the young man. "If you wanted to go out in the boat, why didn't you come to me for the key? You've got no right to pull up the stakes we've driven down. That's the same thing as stealing the boat. What's the matter? Did you tumble overboard? You must be a pretty sort of an oarsman! If the ladies want to go out in the boat, I am here to take them. I'd like you to understand that."

As has been said before, the bishop could smile under almost any circumstances, and he smiled now, but at the same time his brow wrinkled, which was not common when he smiled.

"I am going down to the shore to get my hat and shoes," he said, "and I would like you to come along with me. I can't stand here and talk to you."

"What do you want?" said Martin.

"Come along and see," said the bishop; "that is, if you are not afraid."

That was enough, and the young man walked behind him until they reached the spot where the bishop had taken to the water. There he stopped, and explained to Martin all that had happened.

"Now," said he, "what have you got to say?"

Martin, now that he knew that the bishop had plunged into the water for the sake of the beautiful Margery, was more jealously angry than when he had supposed he had merely taken her out to row.

"I haven't anything to say," he answered, shortly, "except that parsons had better attend to their own business, if they have any, and let young ladies and boats alone."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said the bishop, and with a quick step forward he clutched the young man's arm with his right hand, while he seized his belt with the other, and then with a great heave sent him out into the water fully ten feet from the shore. With a splash like a dropped anchor Martin disappeared from view, but soon arose, his head and shoulders above the water, where he stood for a moment, sputtering and winking and almost dazed.

The bishop stood on the bank and smiled. "Did you fall overboard?" said he. "You must be a pretty sort of a boatman!"

Without replying, Martin began to wade ashore.

"Come on," said the bishop; "if you can't get up the bank, I'll help you."

But Martin needed no help; he scrambled to the bank, shook himself, and then advanced upon the bishop, fire in his eye and his fist clinched.

"Stop, young man," said the other. "It would not be fair to you if I did not tell you that I am a boxer and a heavy weight, and that I threw you into the water because I didn't want to damage your face and eyes. You were impertinent, and I am satisfied, and the best thing you can do is to go and change your clothes before any one sees you in that plight. You are better off than I am, because I have no clothes to change with." And so saying, he sat down and began to put on his shoes.

Martin stood for a moment and looked at the bishop; he thought of Margery and a possible black eye, and then he walked as fast as he could to his tent to get some dry clothes. He was very wet, he was very hot, he was very angry, and what made him more angry than anything else was a respect for the bishop which was rising in him in spite of all his efforts to keep it down.

When Mr. Archibald and his party came back to camp late in the afternoon, Margery, who had already told her story to Mrs. Archibald, told it to each of the others. Mr. Archibald was greatly moved by the account of the bishop's bravery. He thoroughly appreciated the danger to which Margery had been exposed. There were doubtless persons who could be trusted to sit quietly in a little boat with only one oar, and to float upon a lake out of sight and sound of human beings until another boat could be secured and brought to the rescue, but Margery was not one of these persons. Her greatest danger had been that she was a child of impulse. He went immediately to Camp Roy to see the bishop and express his gratitude, for no matter how great the foolish good-nature of the man had been, his brave rescue of the girl was all that could be thought of now.

He found the bishop in bed, Mr. Clyde preparing the supper, and Mr. Raybold in a very bad humor.

"It's the best place for me," said the bishop, gayly, from under a heavy army blanket. "My bed is something like the carpets in Queen Elizabeth's time, and this shelter-tent is not one which can be called commodious, but I shall stay here until morning, and then I am sure I shall be none the worse for my dip into the cold lake."

As Mr. Archibald had seen the black garments of the bishop hanging on a bush as he approached the tent, he was not surprised to find their owner in bed.

"No," said the bishop, when Mr. Archibald had finished what he had to say, "there is nothing to thank me for. It was a stupid thing to launch a young girl like that out upon what, by some very natural bit of carelessness, might have become to her the waters of eternity, and it was my very commonplace duty to get her out of the danger into which I had placed her, and this, my dear sir, is really all there is to say about the matter."

Mr. Archibald differed with him for about ten minutes, and then returned to his camp.

Phil Matlack was also affected by the account of the rescue, and he expressed his feelings to Martin.

"He pulled up the stake, did he?" said Phil. "Well, I'll make him pull up his stakes, and before he goes I've a mind to teach him not to meddle with other people's affairs."

"If I were you," said Martin, "I wouldn't try to teach him anything."

"You think he is too stupid to learn?" said Matlack, getting more and more angry at the bishop's impertinent and inexcusable conduct. "Well, I've taught stupid people before this."

"He's a bigger man than you are," said Martin.

Matlack withdrew the knife from the loaf of bread he was cutting, and looked at the young man:

"Bigger?" said he, scornfully. "What's that got to do with it? A load of hay is bigger than a crowbar, but I guess the crowbar would get through the hay without much trouble."

"You'd better talk about a load of rocks," said Martin. "I don't think you'd find it easy to get a crowbar through them."

Matlack looked up inquiringly. "Has he been thrashing you?" he asked.

"No, he hasn't," said Martin, sharply.

"You didn't fight him, then?"

"No, I didn't," was the answer.

"Why didn't you? You were here to take charge of this camp and keep things in order. Why didn't you fight him?"

"I don't fight that sort of a man," said Martin, with an air which, if it were not disdainful, was intended to be.

Matlack gazed at him a moment in silence, and then went on cutting the bread. "I don't understand this thing," he said to himself. "I must look into it."

XIII.—THE WORLD GOES WRONG WITH MR. RAYBOLD.

THE next morning Mr. Archibald started out very early on a fishing expedition by himself. He was an enthusiastic angler, and had not greatly enjoyed the experience of the day before. He did not object to shooting if there were any legitimate game to shoot, and he liked to tramp through the mountain wilds under the guidance of such a man as Matlack; but to keep company all day with Raybold, who, in the very heart of nature, talked only of the gossip of the town, and who punctuated his small talk by intermittent firing at everything which looked like a bird or suggested the movements of an animal, was not agreeable to him. Clyde was a better fellow, and Mr. Archibald liked him, but he was young and abstracted, and the interest which clings around an abstracted person who is young is often inconsiderable, so he determined for one day at least to leave Sir Cupid to his own devices, for he could not spend all his time defending Margery from amatory dawdle. For this one day he would leave the task to his wife.

That day Mr. Raybold was in a moody mood. Early in the morning he had walked to Sadler's, his object being to secure from the trunk which he had left there a suit of ordinary summer clothes. He had come to think that perhaps his bicycle attire, although very suitable for this sort of life, failed to make him as attractive in the eyes of youth and beauty as he might be if clothed in more becoming garments. It was the middle of the afternoon before he returned, and as he carried a large package, he went directly to his own camp, and in about half an hour afterward he came over to Camp Rob dressed in a light suit, which improved his general appearance very much.

In his countenance, however, there was no improvement whatever, for he looked more out of humor than when he had set out, and when he saw that Mrs. Archibald was sitting alone in the shade, reading, and that at a considerable distance Harrison Clyde was seated by Margery, giving her a lesson in drawing upon birch bark, or else taking a lesson from her, his ill-humor increased.

"It is too bad," said he, taking a seat by Mrs. Archibald without being asked; "everything seems to go wrong out here in these woods. It is an unnatural way to live, anyhow, and I suppose it serves us right. When I went to Sadler's I found a letter from my sister Corona, who says she would like me to make arrangements for her to come out here and camp with us awhile. Now that suits me very well indeed. My sister Corona is a very fine young woman, and I think it would be an excellent thing to have two young ladies here instead of one."

"Yes," said Mrs. Archibald, "that might be very pleasant. I should be glad for Margery to have a companion of her own sex."

"I understand precisely," said Raybold, nodding his head sagaciously; "of her own sex. Yes, I see your drift, and I agree with you absolutely. There is a little too much of that thing over there, and I don't wonder you are annoyed."

"I did not say I was annoyed," said Mrs. Archibald, rather surprised.

"No," he answered, "you did not say so, but I can read between the lines, even spoken lines. Now when I heard that my sister wanted to come out here," he continued, "at first I did not like it, for I thought she would be some sort of a restraint upon me; but when I considered the matter further, I became very much in favor of it, and I sent a telegram by the stage telling her to come immediately, and that everything would be ready for her. My sister has a sufficient income of her own, and she likes to have everything suited to her needs. I am different. I am a man of the world, and although I do not always care to conform to circumstances, I can generally make circumstances conform to me. As Shakespeare says, 'The world is my pottle, and I stir my spoon.' You must excuse my quoting, but I cannot help it. My life work is to be upon the stage, and where one's mind is, there will his words be also."

Mr. Raybold was now in a much more pleasant mood than when he came to sit in the shade with Mrs. Archibald. He was talking; he had found some one who listened and who had very little to say for herself.

"Consequently," he remarked, "I ordered from Mr. Sadler the very best tent that he had. It has two compartments in it, and it is really as comfortable as a house, and as my sister wrote that she wished a female attendant, not caring to have her meals cooked by boys, a very flippant expression, by-the-way, I have engaged for her a she-guide."

"A what?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"A person," said he, "who is a guide of the female gender. She was the wife of a hunter who was accidentally shot, Sadler told me, by a young man who was with him on a gunning expedition. I told Sadler that it was reprehensible to allow such fellows to have guns, but he said that they were not as dangerous now as they used to be. This is because the guides have learned to beware of them, I suppose. This woman has lived in the woods and knows all about camp life, and Sadler says there could not be a better person found to attend a young lady in camp. So I engaged her, and I must say she charged just as much as if she were a man."

"Why shouldn't she," said Mrs. Archibald, "if she is just as good?"

To this remark Raybold paid no attention. "I will tell you," he said, "confidentially, of course, and I think you have as much reason to be interested in it as I have, why I came to view with so much favor my sister's coming here. She is a very attractive young woman, and I think she cannot fail to interest Clyde, and that, of course, will be of advantage to your niece."

"She is not my niece, you know," said Mrs. Archibald.

"Well," said he, "it is all the same. 'Let it be a bird wing, or a flower, so it pleases'—a quotation which is also Avonian—and if Clyde likes Corona he will let Miss Dearborn alone. That's the sort of man he is."

"And in that case," said Mrs. Archibald, "I suppose you would not be unwilling to provide Margery with company."

"Madam," said the young man, leaning forward and fixing his eyes upon the ground, and then turning them upon her without moving his face toward her, "with me all that is a different matter. I may have occasion later to speak to you and your husband upon the subject of Miss Dearborn."

"In which case," said Mrs. Archibald, quickly, "I am sure that my husband will be very glad to speak to you. But why, may I ask, were you so disturbed when you came here, just now? You said the world was going wrong."

"I declare," said he, knitting his brows and clapping one hand on his knee, "I actually forgot! The world wrong? I should say it was wrong! My sister can't come, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Can't come?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

"Of course not," said he, all his ill-humor having returned. "That fellow, the bishop, is in our camp in Clyde's bed. Clyde foolishly gave him his bed because he said the cook-tent was too cramped for a man to stay in it all day."

"Why need he stay?" asked Mrs. Archibald. "Has he taken cold? Is he sick?"

"No indeed," said Raybold. "If he were sick we might send for a cart and have him taken to Sadler's, but the trouble is worse than that. His clothes, in which he foolishly jumped into the water, have shrunken so much that he cannot get them on, and as he has no others, he is obliged to stay in bed."

"But surely something can be done," said Mrs. Archibald.

"No," he interrupted, "nothing can be done. The clothes have dried, and if you could see them as they hang up on the bushes, you would understand that that man can never get into them again. The material is entirely unsuitable for out-door life. Clyde proposes that we shall lend him something, but there are no clothes in this party into which such a sausage of a man could get himself. So there he is, and there, I suppose, he will remain indefinitely; and I don't want to bring my sister to a camp with a permanently occupied hospital bed in it. As soon as I agreed to Corona's coming I determined to bounce that man, but now—" So saying, Mr. Raybold rose, folded his arms, and knit his brows, and as he did so he glanced toward the spot where Margery and Clyde had been sitting, and perceived that the latter had gone off, probably to get some more birch bark; and so, with a nod to Mrs. Archibald, he sauntered away, bending his steps, as it were accidentally, in the direction of the young lady left alone.

When Mr. Archibald heard that evening of the bishop's plight and Raybold's discomforture, he was amused, but also glad to know there was an opportunity for doing something practical for the bishop. He was beginning to like the man in spite of his indefiniteness, so he went to see the bedridden prelate who was neither sick nor clerical, and with very little trouble induced him to take a few general measurements of his figure.

"It is so good of you," said the delighted recumbent, "that I shall not say a word, but step aside in deference to your conscience, whose encomiums will far transcend anything I can say. You will pardon me, I am sure, if I make my measurements liberal. The cost will not be increased, and to live, move, and breathe in a suit of clothes which is large enough for me is a joy which I have not known for a long time. Shoes, did you say, sir? Truly this is generosity super-eminent."

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, laughing, "and you also shall have a new hat. I will fit you out completely, and if this shall help you to make a new and a good start in life, I shall be greatly gratified."

"Sir," said the bishop, the moisture of genuine gratitude in his eyes, "you are doing, I think, far more good than you can imagine, and pardon me if I suggest, since you are going to get me a hat, that it be not of clerical fashion. If everything is to be new, I would like everything changed, and I am certain the cost will be less."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald. "I will now make a list of what you need, and I will write to one of my clerks, who will procure everything."

When Mr. Archibald went back to his camp he met Raybold, stalking moodily. Having been told what had been done for the bishop's relief, the young man was astonished.

"A complete outfit, and to him? I would not have dreamed of it; and besides, it is of no use; it must be days before the clothes arrive, and my sister wishes to come immediately."

"Do you suppose," exclaimed Mr. Archibald, "that I

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2167.

"'OH, THAT'S ALL, IS IT?' SAID THE BISHOP."

am doing this for the sake of your sister? I am doing it for the man himself."

When Mr. Archibald told his wife of this little interview they both laughed heartily.

"If Mr. Raybold's sister," said she, "is like him, I do not think we shall care to have her here; but sisters are often very different from their brothers. However, the bishop need not prevent her coming. If his clothes do not arrive before she does, I am sure there could be no objection to her tent being set up for a time in some of the open space in our camp, and then we shall become sooner acquainted with her; and if she is a suitable person, I shall be very glad indeed for Margery to have a companion."

"All right," said Mr. Archibald; "let her pitch her tent where she pleases. I am satisfied."

XIV.—THE ASSERTION OF INDIVIDUALITY.

It was a week after her brother had sent her his telegram before Miss Corona Raybold arrived at Camp Rob, with her tent, her outfit, and her female guide. Mrs. Archibald had been surprised that she did not appear sooner, for, considering Mr. Raybold's state of mind, she had supposed that his sister had wished to come at the earliest possible moment.

"But," said Raybold, in explaining the delay, "Corona is very different from me. In my actions 'the thunder's roar doth crowd upon the lightning's heels,' as William has told us."

"Where in Shakespeare is that?" asked Mrs. Archibald.

Mr. Raybold bent his brow. "For the nonce," said he, "I do not recall the exact position of the lines." And after that he made no more Avonian quotations to Mrs. Archibald.

The arrival of the young lady was, of course, a very important event, and even Mr. Archibald rowed in from the lake when he saw her caravan approaching, herself walking in the lead. She proved to be a young person of medium height, slight, and dressed in a becoming suit of dark blue. Her hair and eyes were dark, her features regular and of a classic cut, and she wore eye-glasses. Her manner was quiet, and at first she appeared reserved, but she soon showed that if she wished to speak she could talk very freely. She wore an air of dignified composure, but was affable, and very attentive to what was said to her.

Altogether she made in a short time an extremely favorable impression upon Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and in a very much less time an extremely unfavorable impression upon Margery.

Miss Raybold greeted everybody pleasantly, even informing Matlack that she had heard of him as a famous guide, and after thanking Mr. and Mrs. Archibald for their permission to set up her tent on the outskirts of their camp, she proceeded to said tent, which was speedily made ready for her.

Mrs. Perkenpine, her guide, was an energetic woman, and under her orders the men who brought the baggage bestirred themselves wonderfully.

Just before supper, to which meal the Raybolds and Mr. Clyde had been invited, the latter came to Mr. Archibald, evidently much troubled and annoyed.

"I am positively ashamed to mention it to you, sir," he said, "but I must tell you that Raybold has ordered the men who brought his sister's tent to bring our tent over here and put it up near her's. I was away when this was done, and I wish to assure you most earnestly that I had nothing to do with it. The men have gone, and I don't suppose we can get it back to-night."

Mr. Archibald opened his eyes very wide. "Your friend is certainly a remarkable young man," said he, "but we must not have any bad feeling in camp, so let everything remain as it is for to-night. I suppose he wished to be near his sister, but at least he might have asked permission."

"I think," said Clyde, "that he did not so much care to be near his sister as he did to be away from the bishop, who is now left alone in our little shelter-tent."

Mr. Archibald laughed. "Well," said he, "he will come to no harm, and we must see that he has some supper."

"Oh, I shall attend to that," said Clyde, "and to his breakfast also. And, now I come to think of it, I believe that one reason Raybold moved our tent over here was to get the benefit of his sister's cook. The bishop did our cooking, you know, before he took to his bed."

That evening Miss Raybold joined the party around the camp fire. She declared that in the open air she did not in the least object to the use of tobacco, and then she asked Mr. Archibald if their two guides came to the camp fire after their work was done.

"They do just as they please," was the answer. "Sometimes they come over here and smoke their pipes a little in the background, and sometimes they go off by themselves. We are very democratic here in camp, you know."

"I like that," said Miss Raybold, "and I will have Mrs. Perkenpine come over when she has arranged the tent for the night. Arthur, will you go and tell her?"

Her brother did not immediately rise to execute this commission. He hoped that Mr. Clyde would offer to do the service, but the latter did not improve the opportunity to make himself agreeable to the new-comer, and Raybold did the errand.

Harrison Clyde was sitting by Margery, and Margery was giving a little attention to what he said to her and a great deal of attention to Corona Raybold.

"More self-conceit and a better-fitting dress I never saw," thought Margery; "it's loose and easy, and yet it seems to fit perfectly, and I do believe she thinks she is some sort of an upper angel who has condescended to come down here just to see what common people are like."

Corona talked to Mr. Archibald. It was her custom always to talk to the principal personage of a party.

"It gives me pleasure, sir," said she, "to meet with you and your wife. It is so seldom that we find any one—" She was interrupted by Mrs. Perkenpine, who stood behind her.

The she-guide was a large woman, apparently taller than Matlack. Her sunburnt face was partly shaded by a man's straw hat, secured on her head by strings tied under her chin. She wore a very plain gown, coarse in texture, and of a light blue color, which indicated that it had been washed very often. Her voice and her shoes, the latter well displayed by her short skirt, creaked, but her gray eyes were bright, and moved about after the manner of search-lights.

"Well," said she to Miss Raybold, "what do you want?"

Corona turned her head and placidly gazed up at her. "I simply wished to let you know that you might join this company here if you liked. The two men guides are coming, you see."

Mrs. Perkenpine glanced around the group. "Is there any hunting stories to be told?" she asked.

Mr. Archibald laughed. "I don't know," he said, "but perhaps we may have some. I am sure that Matlack here has hunting stories to tell."

Mrs. Perkenpine shook her head. "No, sir," said she; "I don't want none of his stories. I've heard them all mostly two or three times over."

"I dare say you have," said Phil, seating himself on a fallen trunk a little back from the fire; "but you see, Mrs. Perkenpine, you are so obstinate about keepin' on livin'. If you'd died when you was younger, you wouldn't have heard so many of those stories."

"There's been times," said she, "when you was tellin' the story of the bear cubs and the condensed milk, when I wished I had died when I was younger, or else you had."

"Perhaps," said Miss Raybold, in a clear, decisive voice, "Mr. Matlack may know hunting stories that will be new to all of us, but before he begins them I have something which I would like to say."

"All right," said Mrs. Perkenpine, seating herself promptly upon the ground; "if you're goin' to talk, I'll stay. I'd like to know what kind of things you do talk about when you talk."

"I was just now remarking," said Miss Corona, "that I am very glad indeed to meet with those who, like Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, are willing to set their feet upon the modern usages of society (which would crowd us together in a common herd) and assert their individuality."

Mr. Archibald looked at the speaker inquiringly.

"Of course," said she, "I refer to the fact that you and Mrs. Archibald are on a wedding-journey."

At this remark Phil Matlack rose suddenly from the tree-trunk and Martin dropped his pipe. Mr. Clyde turned his gaze upon Margery, who thereupon burst out laughing, and then he looked in amazement from Mr. Archibald to Mrs. Archibald and back again. Mrs. Perkenpine sat up very straight and leaned forward, her hands upon her knees.

"Is it them two sittin' over there?" she said, pointing to Margery and Clyde. "Are they on a honey-moon?"

"No!" exclaimed Arthur Raybold, in a loud, sharp voice. "What an absurdity! Corona, what are you talking about?"

To this his sister paid no attention whatever. "I think," she said, "it was a noble thing to do. An assertion of one's inner self is always noble, and when I heard of this assertion I wished very much to know the man and the woman who had so asserted themselves, and this was my principal reason for determining to come to this camp."

"But where on earth," asked Mr. Archibald, "did you hear that we were on a wedding-journey?"

"I read it in a newspaper," said Corona.

"I do declare," exclaimed Mrs. Archibald, "everything is in the newspapers! I did think that we might settle

CAPTAIN CAPRON'S BATTERY IN ACTION BEFORE EL CANEY, JULY 1.
The Second Shot carried away the Flag on the Block-house.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie

9TH INFANTRY FIRING IN THE RAIN, FROM INTRENCHMENTS, AT FORT SAN JUAN, JULY 9.
Photograph by James Burton.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

down here and enjoy ourselves without people talking about our reason for coming!"

"You don't mean to say," cried Mrs. Perkenpine, now on her feet, "that you two elderly ones is the honey-mooners?"

"Yes," said Mr. Archibald, looking with amusement on the astonished faces about him, "we truly are."

"Well," said the she-guide, seating herself, "if I'd staid an old maid as long as that, I think I'd stuck it out. But perhaps you was a widow, mum?"

"No, indeed," cried Mr. Archibald; "she was a charming girl when I married her. But just let me tell you how the matter stands," and he proceeded to relate the facts of the case. "I thought," he said, in conclusion, turning to Matlack, "that perhaps you knew about it, for I told Mr. Sadler, and I supposed he might have mentioned it to you."

"No, sir," said Matlack, relighting his pipe; "he knows me better than that. If he'd called me and said, 'Phil, I want you to take charge of a couple that's goin' honey-moonin' about twenty-five years after they're married, and a-doin' it for somebody else and not for themselves,' I'd said to him, 'They're lunatics, and I won't take charge of them.' And Peter he knows I would have thought that and would have said it, and so he did not mention the particulars to me. He knows that the only things that I'm afraid of in this world is lunatics. 'Tisn't only what they might do to me, but what they might do to themselves, and I won't touch them."

"I hope," said Mrs. Archibald, "that you don't consider us lunatics now that you have heard why we are here."

"Oh no," said the guide; "I've found that you're regular common-sense people, and I don't change my opinions even when I've heard particulars; but if I'd heard particulars first, it would have been all up with my takin' charge of you."

"And you knew it all the time?" said Clyde to Margery, speaking so that she only could hear.

"I knew it," she said, "but I didn't think it worth talking about. Do you know Mr. Raybold's sister? Do you like her?"

"I have met her," said Clyde; "but she is too lofty for me."

"What is there lofty about her?" said Margery.

"Well," said he, "she is lofty because she has elevated ideas. She goes in for reform; and for pretty much all kinds, from what I have heard."

"I think she is lofty," remarked Margery, "because she is stuck-up. I don't like her."

"It is so seldom," Corona now continued, "that we find people who are willing to assert their individuality, and when they are found I always want to talk to them. I suppose, Mr. Matlack, that your life is one long assertion of individuality."

"What, ma'am?" asked the guide.

"I mean," said she, "that when you are out alone in the wild forest, holding in your hand the weapon which decides the question of life or death for any living creature over whom you may choose to exercise your jurisdiction, absolutely independent of every social trammel, every bond of conventionalism, you must feel that you are a predominant whole and not a mere integral part."

"Well," said Matlack, speaking slowly, "I may have had them feelin's, but if I did they must have struck in, and not come out on the skin, like measles, where I could see them."

"Corona," said her brother, in a peevish undertone, "what is the good of all that? You're wasting your words on such a man."

His sister turned a mild steady gaze upon him. "I don't know any man but you," she said, "on whom I waste my words."

"Is assertin' like persistin'?" inquired Mrs. Perkenpine at this point.

"The two actions are somewhat alike," said Corona.

"Well, then," said the she-guide, "I'm in for assertin'. When my husband was alive there was a good many things I wanted to do, and when I wanted to do a thing or get a thing I kept on sayin' so; and one day, after I'd been keepin' on sayin' so a good while, he says to me, 'Jane,' says he, 'it seems to me that you're persistin'.' 'Yes,' says I, 'I am, and I intend to be.' 'Then you are goin' to keep on insistin' on persistin'?' says he. 'Yes,' says I; and then says he, 'If you keep on insistin' on persistin' I'll be thinkin' of 'listin'.' By which he meant goin' into the army as a regular, and gettin' rid of me; and as I didn't want to be rid of him, I stopped persistin'; but now I wish I had persisted, for then he'd 'listed, and most likely would be alive now, through not bein' shot in the back by a city fool with a gun."

"I do not believe," said Mrs. Archibald to her husband, when they had retired to their cabin, "that that young woman is going to be much of a companion for Margery. I think she will prefer your society to that of any of the rest of us. It is very plain that she thinks it is your individuality which has been asserted."

"Well," said he, rubbing his spectacles with his handkerchief before putting them away for the night, "don't let her project her individuality into my sport. That's all I have to say."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER FIRE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

SAN JUAN, *July 8, 1898.*

JULY 1 will forever be a memorable day in American history. On that day the United States army, under General Shafter, stormed and took, after several hours' fighting, the two Spanish strongholds El Caney and San Juan. I was with the Seventh United States Infantry, of General Chaffee's brigade, which took El Caney. The brigade consisted of the Seventh, Twelfth, and Seventeenth regiments. On Thursday evening, June 30, about five o'clock, the brigade received orders to march. We were taken away up into the mountains, through paths that permitted our advancing only in single file, and were ankle-deep with thick black mud, into which our feet stuck at every step, making the climb up the mountain-side a very laborious one.

We reached a nice field of grass, and went into camp just as darkness was coming on. No tents were allowed to be erected, nor were any fires lighted, the men and officers having to lie on their shelter-tents on the damp ground and go to sleep "coffeeless." It was a strange, impressive scene, this camp on the eve before the battle, men gliding about ghostlike and silent, scarcely speaking above a whisper. All commands were given quietly, and perfect order was preserved.

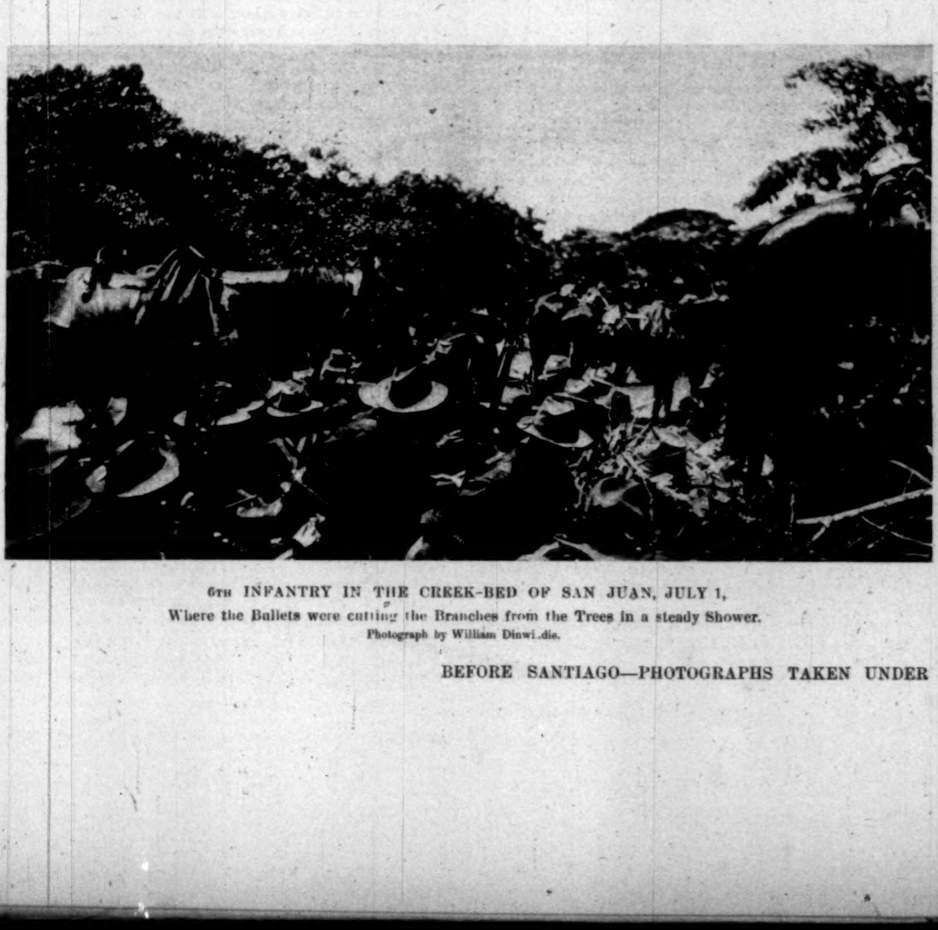
At five o'clock next morning, July 1, just as daylight was driving the moon and stars from the cloudless sky, the camp was quietly aroused, and within thirty minutes the field was clear, and the brigade on the march once more, plodding through the thick mud.

At seven o'clock we heard a gun from one of the batteries on a distant hill boom forth what seemed like a challenge hurled at the Spanish fortifications, but it was almost eight o'clock before our brigade became engaged.

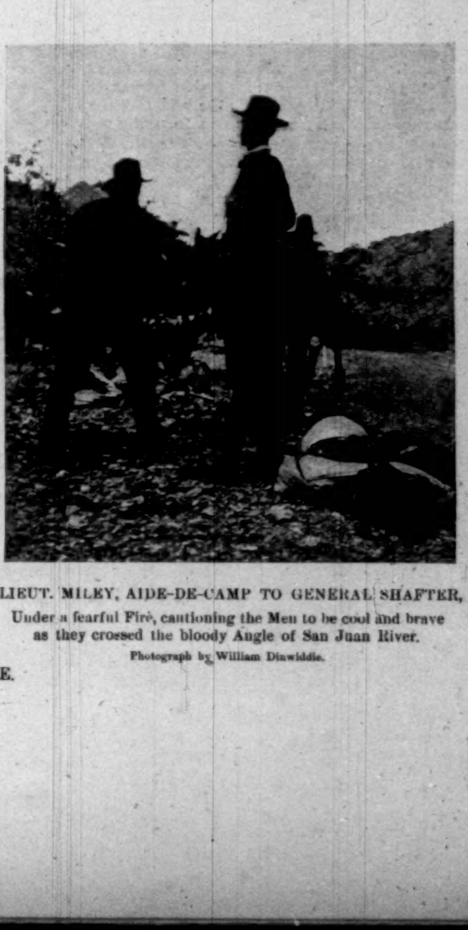
As we were marching along, listening to the music of the far-off artillery and rifles, we were suddenly halted, the men being ordered to throw off their packs and advance as quickly as possible. Within five minutes we were in the midst of a heavy shower of bullets from the Mauser rifles of the Spanish, and between two fires—one from a small block-house on our right, the other from the strong stone block-house at El Caney, immediately in front of us.

The men were at once ordered into cover and opened fire, and almost before I realized what had happened I found myself, for the first time in my life, under fire, right up in front, on the firing-line of the Seventh Regiment.

I suppose every one has a different sensation when for



6TH INFANTRY IN THE CREEK-BED OF SAN JUAN, JULY 1,
Where the Bullets were cutting the Branches from the Trees in a steady Shower.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.



LIEUT. MILEY, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL SHAFTER,
Under a fearful Fire, cautioning the Men to be cool and brave as they crossed the bloody Angle of San Juan River.
Photograph by William Dinwiddie.

BEFORE SANTIAGO—PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN UNDER FIRE.

the first time he finds himself with bullets whistling around him on all sides, yet seeing nothing, only hearing them as they rush by, crashing through the leaves and twigs on their deadly errand; but in my own case the seriousness and danger of the situation did not strike me until I heard several heavy thuds near me, and, on looking around me, saw some of our men on the ground, dead or wounded. Then it came home to me that this was war in earnest, and I found myself wondering if I should be the next—whether I should be killed or merely wounded, and where I should be hit. But this feeling rapidly wore off, and I soon became so accustomed to the rattle of the bullets that I began to take no notice of them at all, and even the sight of dead and wounded failed to move me. But I shall never forget my feelings when I first heard the bullets sink into the heads or bodies of those that fell. Some were killed instantly, and sank with scarcely a groan, some with a curse, and others with the name of God on their lips, whilst most of the wounded swore terribly at the Spaniards, and at their bad luck at being stopped so early in the day, and so unable to see the battle through; but every one was brave and patient, some of the wounded having to lie two or three hours before they were attended to, owing to the great lack of surgeons and medical attendants. Litter-bearers were conspicuous by their absence, soldiers having to leave their companies to take their wounded comrades to the rear. The few surgeons worked like Trojans, and were unremitting in their care of the wounded. Meanwhile the firing was fast and furious, bullets falling all around like hailstones, and one found one's self wondering why many more were not shot down.

The troops were calm and brave, following and advancing step by step, as their officer called upon them. General Chaffee was a towering example of what a man and a soldier should be in battle; he was here, there, and everywhere, ordering, commanding, beseeching, and imploring in turn. What did he care that he was walking round in open space exposed to the enemy's fire? He was commanding the brigade and had a duty to perform, and nobly he did it.

The small block-house which I have mentioned had now been silenced, and was in possession of our troops, and gradually we were closing in on the large one, the firing being as heavy as at the commencement. Presently the artillery, which had moved into a good position at closer range, dropped a few shells into the fort, the brigade drew closer and closer, and at about half past one the Twelfth Regiment charged and captured it, taking about one hundred prisoners.

The brigade had won a great victory. It had been opposed by an enemy in intrenchments and shooting through loop-holes in a block-house and a fort, and had lost a large number of men, the Seventh being the greatest sufferer in this respect.

Although I was thus on the first firing-line, and many men were wounded and killed all about me, as you will see by my photographs [published in last week's number], I found it impossible to make any actual "battle scenes," for many reasons—the distance at which the fighting is conducted, the area which is covered, but chiefly the long grass and thickly wooded country. JAMES BURTON.

AFTER THE GREAT SEA-FIGHT.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

OFF SANTIAGO, *July 7*.

THE 4th of July off Santiago was a rough, boisterous day, a fresh southeast wind whipping up a lively sea. The fleet drew closer together, and at twelve o'clock fired a salute of 21 guns in honor of the day. For it was truly a day to celebrate, and there was great rejoicing among all, forward and aft, for a great victory and providential escape from harm; for it seemed nothing less than a miracle that the storm of shot and shell that swept over our ships on the day before should have done so little damage.

There was great enthusiasm among the transports and the troops at Siboney, and when the *Brooklyn* left the fleet and passed by, bound up to Guantanamo for coal, she was greeted as a conqueror. The value of the rapid-fire gun is now established beyond all question as one result of this engagement. The testimony of the Spanish officers and the marks on the ships themselves show the havoc wrought by the steady rain of projectiles from the handy quick-firing guns. The deadly broadsides from the *Brooklyn* had practically decided the fate of the *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo* before the *Oregon* and *Texas* completed their destruction. The *Texas* fired only eight shots from her 12-inch guns, but used her secondary battery with great effect. The *Oregon* is said to have fired 1776 shots, mostly at the fleeing *Vizcaya* and *Colon*, and to her belongs in a large degree the credit for their finish. The *Oregon* also fired the first and last shots, the first being a warning shot from a 6-pounder, fired when the Spanish fleet came in sight, followed by signals, which were made on all the ships almost at the same moment, the *Oregon* immediately opening fire, and moving in to engage the enemy, as did all the ships in line.

Both the western and eastern batteries opened fire on our ships, but they did no damage, and were taken no notice of during the fight.

Those who knew the navy best were not surprised at the result, nor at the cool judgment and accurate firing which won so complete a victory in so short a time. It seems remarkable, however, and is quite another matter, that so few were injured. In view of this event, the alarm caused by the appearance of the *Vizcaya* in New York Harbor last spring seems rather ludicrous, the amount of damage threatened by such a vessel on a warlike errand being out of all proportion to the childish tales set in motion at that time, and believed by a great many people. As a matter of fact, our four smaller cruisers could have taken care of the *Vizcaya* had her firing been as inaccurate as it was on Sunday, the 3d. Nor can guns on any ships of the present type be elevated to be effective at anything like the distance supposed. The batteries at Santiago have had a great advantage in this respect over our ships. High above the sea, one plunging shot striking the deck of a vessel would make terrible havoc if fairly delivered, while the fire from the fleet, striking short of the batteries or going over, would do and did but little harm, except by chance, and a close view of the heavy western battery shows it to be in good shape after repeated bombardments.

Monday night, the 4th, the search-lights of the fleet disclosed a vessel coming out of the harbor at Santiago, and fire was immediately opened upon her.

The Spanish attempt was plainly to sink the vessel in the channel, but under the fire of our guns her crew became confused and got her on shore, bows on, where she swung around with her stern pointing toward Morro, and broadside on to one of the water batteries. In this position two twelve-inch shot from the *Texas* struck her fairly abeam, fire and smoke bursting out from the effect of the shells. The *Indiana* also struck home with several well-directed shots, when the *Reina Mercedes*, for such she proved to be, heeled over and sank, her upper deck being about flush with the water, and her spars and smoke-stacks showing from quite a distance.

The *Mercedes* lies quite near the sunken *Merrimac*, whose masts and smoke-stack show above the water, but neither obstructing the channel, which, however, is narrowed considerably.

At the first opportunity we went down to see the *Infanta Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo*, which lie in a little cove a few hundred yards apart, both bows on to a hard sand beach, at the foot of high hills that come down to the sea less steeply than usual, and are separated from the water by a stretch of flat, low, grass-grown land adorned with tall cocoanut-palms. The two beaches, neither more than 300 yards in length, are separated by a bluff of precipitous rock. High and gloomy hills to the north shut in the view, while the heavy ground-swell rolls in its heavy voice against the shore. This cove, five and one-half miles from the entrance to Santiago, was most opportune for the two hard-pressed ships, as the usual coast-line is steep, rocky, and it would be impossible for ships or men to have survived for a minute the thundering breakers.

Smoke still poured from the two ships, and blew away in a thin veil against the dark hills; the surf beat along their sides, and swept in and out through the stern-ports and through shot-holes and torpedo-tubes. It was quite a climb up the tall sides of the *Maria Teresa*, and once in the gangway the scene that met our eyes was one of utter ruin. Bad as the ships looked from the outside, the paint all burned off, or hanging in folds where the water had cooled its farther progress, guns slewed every which way, and wire rope and tackle hanging over the side in wild disorder, the scene on deck was so much worse as to leave one speechless with dismay.

The spar-deck was nothing but an array of twisted sagging iron beams, set with copper bolts that had held the deck-planking, and now stuck up in ragged rows or bent over as the fire had left them. Around some of the broadside 5-inch guns bits of deck still remained and smouldered, sending up wreaths of pale blue smoke. Around the guns and scattered about between the smoke-stacks and ventilators were charred bodies that gave out an unpleasant odor. The forward military mast had fallen, mixed up with guns, davits, and iron plates, on the starboard side. The bridge was a mass of twisted iron and brass. Smoke-stacks and ventilators sagged, and some of the latter had fallen down entirely. There was a great hole where the magazines had been, forward and aft; they had exploded from the bottom up, in the line of least resistance, ripping the deck beams away entirely, so you could look down to the bottom of the ship, where the water swashed around. The iron deck aft was bent and twisted and buckled under the weight of the big turret and 11-inch gun. The main-deck, made of iron plates, still remained, and was covered with ashes and débris fallen from above. The forward part of the ship was full of dead, and was too hot to admit of much investigation. Sailors from the *Texas* swarmed over the vessel while we were there, and brought up from below rifles, cutlasses, and souvenirs of all sorts. One man had a hat full of silver money that had melted and stuck together. The hammock nettings were full of burned tin boxes that had held canned food, wine-bottles and such litter were scattered about, and from forward and aft were brought many books of a doubtful character.

There were 33 shot-holes visible above the water, and as the ship had settled aft many were hidden there by the water.

It will be possible to get the ship off, no doubt, as her hull below the water-line is comparatively uninjured, and she rests easily on the sloping beach. All her boats were gone and the davits swung out; the remaining boat-falls swayed back and forth in the wind with melancholy creaks.

The *Oquendo* is much more badly damaged; her keel is broken, her masts gone; she is completely gutted by fire and riddled with shot, 66 distinct holes being counted in her sides and upper works, and in her bow a ragged hole big enough to drive an ox-team through. The *Vizcaya* is in about the same condition as the other ships, the guns, minus breech-blocks, being about the only part of value remaining. Pontoons have already been sent from New York to raise the *Cristóbal Colon*, and it is hoped to get her off, her injuries being slight.

All our ships look somewhat rusty, and now that there is no necessity for guarding the port of Santiago, they will go, one by one, to Guantanamo and recoal and repaint. The ships designated for Watson's squadron are already there, engaged in preparations for immediate departure.

AGUADORES, *July 11*.

Sunday afternoon the *Brooklyn*, *Texas*, and *Indiana* began shelling the city of Santiago, taking stations off Aguadores and firing by compass at a distance of six miles. The day was rainy, and heavy clouds hung over the land, the sea streaked with rain squalls. The firing was deliberate, and the echo of the exploding shells reverberated like heavy thunder among the hills. This morning the *New York*, *Brooklyn*, and *Indiana* resumed the bombardment, firing in all 101 shots. Signal-men on shore kept the ships informed of the result of their firing, wigwag signals passing back and forth constantly, the signal-men ashore being in communication with the front by telephone. The *Brooklyn*, right near us, used her 8-inch guns, the heavy projectiles sailing over the hills and exploding with loud reports.

Most of the inhabitants had left the city, nearly 20,000 refugees having fled to El Caney, utterly destitute, and fighting for food like wolves, the condition of those remaining in the city being most deplorable, having neither food nor water, the half-starved and desperate soldiers plundering everything they could lay their hands on.

Monday afternoon General Miles arrived on the *Yale*, and the work of destroying the tumble-down buildings at Siboney began—a job that should have been done before the troops landed at all. Fires lit up the picturesque harbor that night, and continued during next day. A fever-camp has been established, and a strict quarantine against Siboney is now in force. The roads to the front are almost impassable, the mud being knee-deep, and the daily downpours of rain making them daily worse. So it is a difficult matter to get sufficient food to the front. The rain here is so violent as to nearly drown one, and it comes down without warning off the high hills, usually late in the afternoon, so it is impossible to get dried off before the night with its chilling dew comes down.

CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

"PUT UP THY SWORD INTO HIS SHEATH."

WITH folded arms, my Country, speak thy will.
Clean be those hands of thine from smirch of trade.
Let the sheathed sword hang idle. They persuade
The baser course who, not content to kill,
Would carve out cantles of the spoil, and fill
The sacred edge of that victorious blade
With stain of plunder. Never was there made
The sword that could be knife and weapon still.

Thou sawest God's Angel at the anvil stand
And forge the steel. He smote it blow on blow.
Wrathful he seemed; yet ever from above
He stooped, the while, and swiftly dipt the brand
In tears, yea, tears; that he might make thee know
How vain were vengeance unannealed by love.

WILLIAM REED HUNTINGTON.

THE "GLOUCESTER'S" FIGHT.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER BY ASSISTANT-ENGINEER ANDRÉ MORTON PROCTER, OF KENTUCKY.

ON BOARD U.S.S. "GLOUCESTER."

IT was Sunday morning—a calm, clear, hot day.

The crews were at inspection; and had a vote been taken, not one vote in the squadron would have been cast in favor of the opinion that the Spanish would ever come out.

It was like thunder out of a clear sky.

The sight of the Spanish ships steaming out was a sensation.

Of everything that happened, that first glimpse of those black, ugly-looking ships darting past Morro, and spitting out volumes of dense red flame, leaves the strongest impression.

It was a sight which comes to very few men more than once in a lifetime.

I had the deck at the time, but had hardly time to ring full speed and put the helm over before the captain was on deck.

We were to the eastward of Morro, and one by one as the ships came out we fired at them, until the last was out.

It was then that the captain did the best thing that he will ever have a chance to do. He was as cool and deliberate as it is possible for any man to be under the circumstances. He expressed his belief that the destroyers were coming, and his intention to wait for them.

It may have been seconds; it may have been ten minutes.

The fleets were steaming to the westward, and the *Gloucester* was waiting for her chance. At last they came, and the *Gloucester* had her chance—the chance for which she had been hoping, the chance to justify her existence.

When I say the *Gloucester*, I mean Wainwright; he is the one hero.

The *Gloucester* is a fine, able ship, and her crew of officers and men are a plain, ordinary lot of humans, who did just as any other lot of Americans would have done—the best they knew how; and if they were afraid, not to show it. I was on the bridge most of the time, and my admiration of him is of the kind which cannot be expressed by the ordinary methods of language.

From that point we saw only the destroyers. The other Spanish ships and our own were forgotten as completely as if they were in another hemisphere.

The fact that we were not destroyed seems attributable to a divine Providence. They fired over us and under us, ahead of us and all around us, and we received the fire of everything in sight.

The fire of the destroyers when they first came out was terrific, but they were very soon sickened.

I will not pretend that I remember what happened with any degree of distinctness.

I was supposed to be a sort of aide to the captain. I saw things and reported things to him, but in all this time the most thoroughly lucid interval that I had was when the boats were stopped—and it was at this moment that the captain made one of his strikes. Both boats showed signs of distress about the same time; volumes of steam enveloped them, and they began to act queerly, and we thought that they were trying to return. At this time our range was six hundred yards.

Just before I had seen two Spanish ships. I examined them carefully, and reported to the captain that they were coming back. Without a moment's hesitation he ported his helm and ran for the torpedo-boats. The Spanish ships were coming on, and it seemed as if they were going to pass outside of us to seaward. For an instant things looked desperate. The Spanish *Oquendo* and *Maria Teresa* were coming back, but only, as it proved, to find a safe place to beach themselves. We ran in between the destroyers, but all was over with them. The *Pluton* was ashore, broken in two, and soon exploded. The *Furor* was in a pitiable condition—riddled, strewn with dead, burning from stem to stern; she was slowly swinging in her death-struggle, her engines slowly turning over, and her helm jammed a-starboard. It is a source of satisfaction to us that we saved more men than we killed. Our efforts immediately turned from death and destruction to

saving souls. While the forts were still firing at us, and some of our own ships were still firing from a distance at the torpedo-destroyers, three boats left the ship. Wood, Norman, and I started out for the drowning men. I made for the *Pluton*, picked up a boat-load, and returned. They boarded the *Furor*, and found a state of things beyond description. I returned to the *Pluton*, and attempted to board her; but the surf was too heavy, breaking over her deck. I picked up a boat-load, and then landed in a cove near the wreck. In the mean while the other boats were picked up, and the *Gloucester* steamed out of sight. I tried, and finally succeeded with difficulty, in boarding one-half of the *Pluton*, but the surf was so heavy and she was bouncing around at such a rate that I could not see much. The mortality was not great from our fire, but large numbers were drowned. I spent some time on shore—hours, I think—for I had lost all track of time. I collected another full boat-load of half-drowned and wounded, and sent a number aboard a press-boat, and started for the ship. I captured a Spanish officer, and have his pistol. I had some difficulty in launching my boat through the surf. The Spaniards are helpless, can't swim, and afraid of the water. My officer friend I had to grab by the back of the neck and throw him into the boat. Their greatest fear was lest I should leave them on the beach. Their next greatest fear was of the water.

After a pull of four miles or so I reached the *Gloucester*, off the wrecks of the *Infanta* and *Oquendo*. These ships were beached, and were on fire from stem to stern. This was the *Gloucester's* best work, but it is not my story. I missed it by being left on the beach. The *Gloucester's* boats saved over five hundred lives from these burning ships, among them the Admiral and a number of officers of high rank.

It has only been since this happened that I have realized the tension that we were under on that day. Hours passed like minutes. While picking up survivors, I turned and saw the *Furor* settle astern, rise almost perpendicular, and sink, with as little concern as I would watch a cable-car pass.

I was ashore bareheaded for hours, overboard half a dozen times, with scarcely a feeling of fatigue. I saw some horrible sights without feeling a sensation, and passed by men who might be dead in favor of others more alive with as little concern as if they had been rabbits.

The dumb, animal-like gratitude of the men taken from the water was pitiable. They wound their arms around our men's necks, and covered them with kisses. One fellow tried it on me, but I couldn't stand it, and had to repulse him.

A DIVERTING DIARIST.*

"It is something to remember, amid the bustle and bitterness of active life, that one once had youth, and hope, and eagerness, and large opportunities and generous." There is a seriousness in this graceful admission that does not sound the note of an almost uninterrupted liveliness and humorous anecdote, which is the main quality of Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollections*. It is an unusually diverting volume, and that is something not nearly so common as we deceive ourselves into believing the case. Its authorship is not a secret, though the book appears anonymously. It is from an Englishman, a member of the House of Commons during a great part of an active life—though, by-the-by, he is not yet among the elderly men of his day. It sketches at first hand a group of notable men with whom his political career has brought him into actual personal contact; and it sets down, either in connection with these or apart from them, more new and amusing and suggestive stories, more clever repartees, more curious phases of British social life, either new or unhackneyed, than any similar printed scrap-books have included in many years. It is, in fact, rather the scrap-book than the diary—although it is generously a bundle of reminiscences of the type figured forever in Horace Walpole's Dairy, *The Greville Memoirs*, Caroline Fox's *Memories of Old Friends*, Mrs. Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities*, and a long list of classic and recent collections. The author by no means restricts himself to things that are personal to his acquaintance and time, or that have not seen print until now. But the book contains little that has not to this generation a flavor of newness, if one takes into account the endless flood of anecdotes over which we are amused, without more than a vague remembrance of having met them earlier. The author does not always cite his anecdotes quite correctly, as witness his way of telling the famous story of "Beau" Brummel's impertinence to the lady who urged him to come and "take tea" with her. But he is terse and usually literal. In incident, in repartee, and all that belongs to brief, sketchy, and varied social reminiscence from himself or others the author has compiled an absolute treasury. He has made a free chapter arrangement that permits him to group his thousand and one stories effectively. Such titles as "Cardinal Manning" (an admirable little outline portrait), "Lord Houghton," "Lord Beaconsfield," three chapters on "Conversation," and "Flatterers and Bores," "Parliamentary Oratory," and "The Queen's Accession," suggest how the mosaic is put together. It is not without a serious value, too, in the pages where one story here and another story there point out (as will nothing but anecdote point out) the emphatic progress of modern civilization, the growth of practical morality, of decency, and of education within a couple of generations. To quote one story from such a book is a foolish license, for a reader is tempted to copy out a score of things; but, illustrating how manners, so called, have been mended in high life within decade more than a century, let one read what Lord Robert Seymour wrote of a Prince of Wales's breeding in 1788, and see how pretty an idea of fun had he and his titled circle: "Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitz Herbert, the Duke and Dutchess of Cumberland, and Miss Pigott, Mrs. F.'s companion, went a Party to Windsor during the absence of *The Family* fm. Windsor; and going to see a Cold Bath, Miss P. expressed a great wish to bathe, 'this hot weather.' The D. of C. very imprudently pushed her in, and the Dut. of C., having the presence of mind to throw out the Rope saved her when in such a disagreeable State from fear and surprise as to be near sinking. Mrs. F. went into convulsive Fits, and the Dut. Fainted away, and the scene proved ridiculous in the extreme, as report says that the Duke called out to Miss P. that he was instantly coming to her in the water and continued undressing himself. Poor Miss P.'s clothes entirely laid upon the water and made her appear an awkward Figure. They afterwards pushed in one of the Prince's attendants." This was the atmosphere of the Regency to a breath—its elegance and refinement in the Court. And as to justice, temperance, and righteousness, surely the Anglo-Saxon world has improved since 1788, when there were one hundred and sixty capital offences by English laws, when burning alive was a statutory penalty for forgery, when the prize-ring was the sport of male aristocracy; when lunatics in Bedlam were kept chained in their straw over each Sunday, and left without attendance; when drunkenness was almost a rule among beneficed clergy, and school-children were taken in a body to see hangings and quarterings. Of quips and drolleries in the volume an example comes in the story of Mr. Delane, baldpated and kindly, who complained to Lord Granville that he wanted to send a wedding-present to a young lady, a Rothschild. "It would be absurd to give a Rothschild a costly gift. I should like to find something not intrinsically valuable, but interesting because it is rare." "Nothing easier, my dear fellow; send her a lock of your hair." There are twenty-six chapters in *Collections and Recollections*, and almost every one entertains in every page. It is dedicated, by-the-bye, to the one man, so much lamented by all who knew him, who might have made a collection of as much life and fascination—the late James Payn. The grayest day and dullest mood will pass with such cheery literature.

* *Collections and Recollections*. By "One who has Kept a Diary." With one Illustration. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50. New York and London: Harper & Bros.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.—[*Adv.*]

NO OTHER SO GOOD.

The social life of the present century creates conditions of motherhood which many times prevent the natural supply of food for infants. No so-called infant food equals the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.—[*Adv.*]

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.—[*Adv.*]

Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters—makes rich blood; blood right, good health inevitable.—[*Adv.*]

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

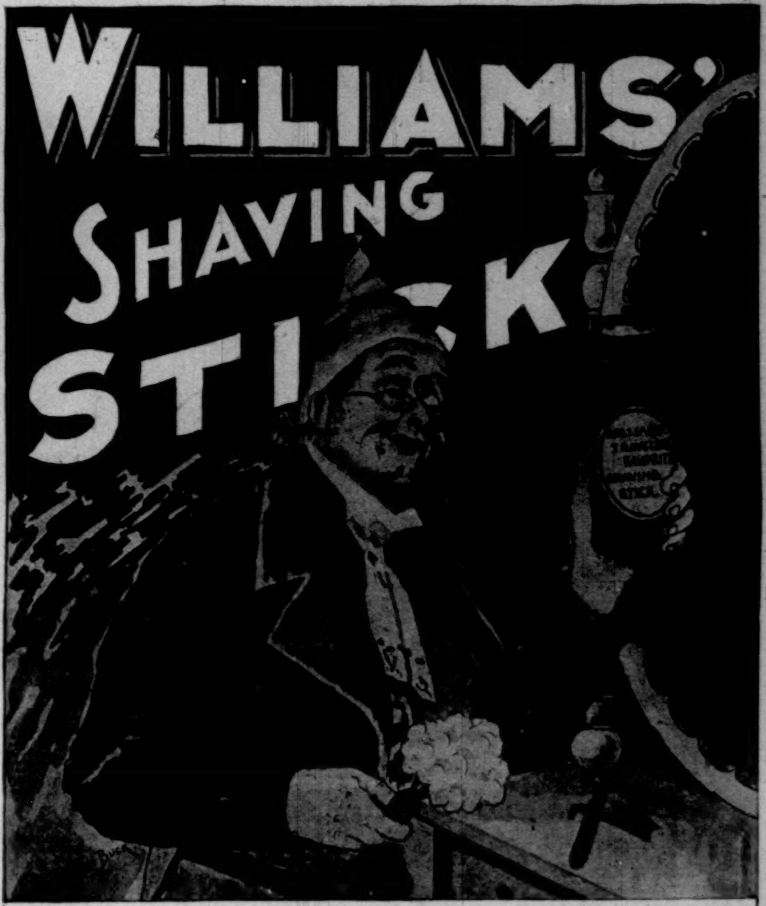
You throw away half your cigar — half the time! Why not get the full benefit of what you pay for?

Van Bibber Little Cigars

are excellent little *cigars* for all ordinary *short smokes*. They are made of the very best imported whole leaf tobacco and *never vary in quality*. Any intelligent smoker who will try them will adopt them as a part of his smoking outfit.

Ask *your* dealer for them or send 25c. (stamps) and 10 of them will be sent, in special pocket pouch, by return mail, *prepaid*, wherever you live.

H. Ellis & Co., Baltimore, Md.
The American Tobacco Co., Successor



(OLD FRIENDS)

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK is a friend that filleth the heart of the shaver with joy. In a perfect shaving soap, you must have:

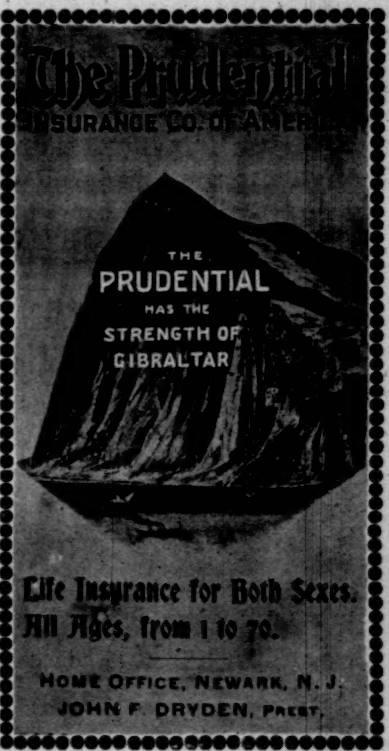
LATHER that's Big, and Thick, and Creamy; that will soften the beard and make easy work for the razor:

LATHER that's Soothing, Refreshing. These qualities have been winning friends for **Williams' Shaving Soaps,** for more than half a century, all over the world. "The **Only Real** Shaving Soaps."

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 cents. Luxury Shaving Tablet, 25 cents.
Genuine Yankee Shaving Soap, 10 cents. Swiss Violet Shaving Cream, 50 cents.
Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2c. stamp.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.
London, 64 Great Russell St., W. C. Sydney, Australia, 161 Clarence St.



Financial

Letters of Credit. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and South Africa. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.

Brown Brothers & Co.,
Bankers, No. 59 Wall Street.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak

Half the charm of a photographic outing is lost if one carries along several pounds of glass plates and holders and has every moment filled with anxiety for their safety.

Kodaks

use non-breakable film cartridges, which weigh ounces where plates weigh pounds.

KODAKS $5.00 to $35.00.

Catalogues free at agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

HARPER'S CATALOGUE,

thoroughly revised and classified, will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of ten cents.

THE CELEBRATED

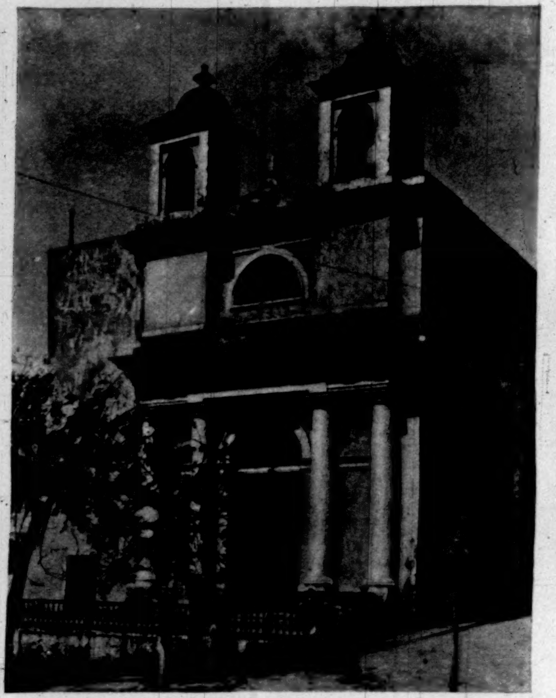
SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

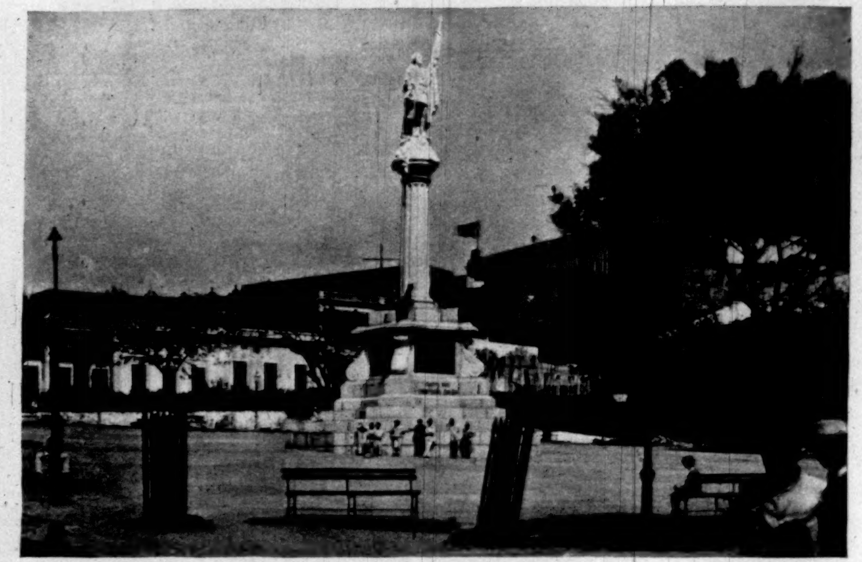
Caution.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar-sounding name of a cheap grade.
Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R

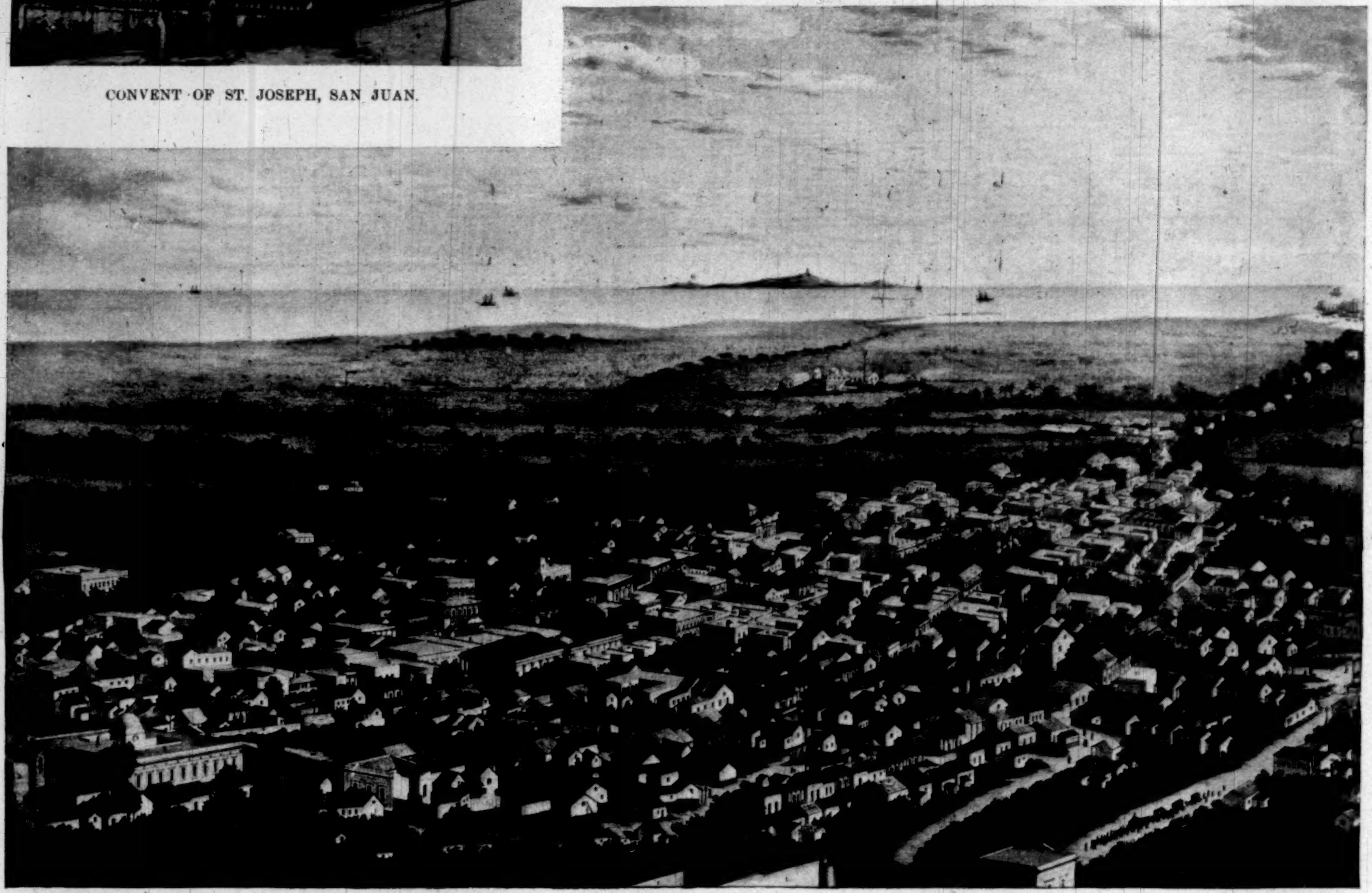
New York Warerooms SOHMER BUILDING Fifth Ave., cor 22d St.



CONVENT OF ST. JOSEPH, SAN JUAN.



THE PLAZA, SAN JUAN.



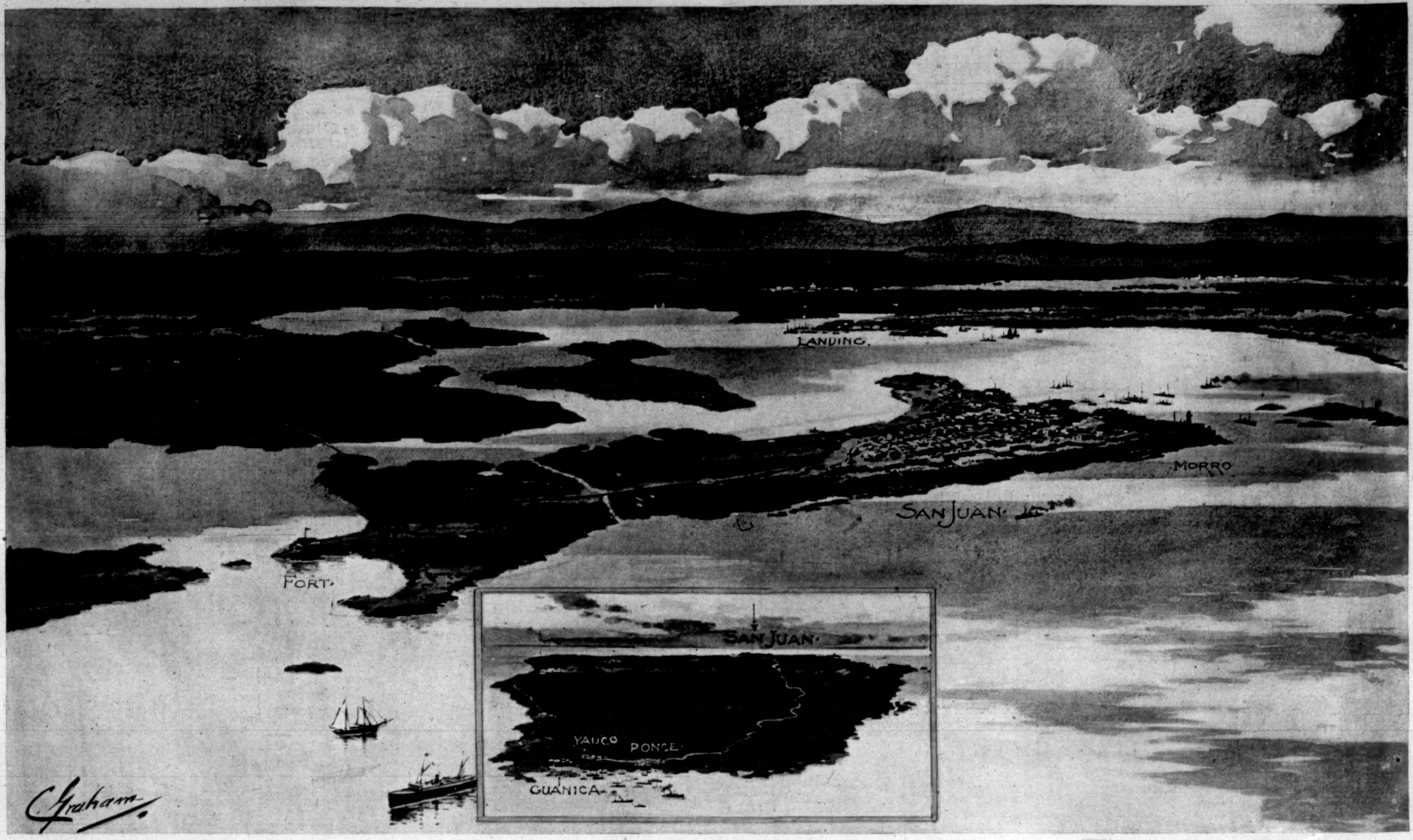
Military Barracks. Hospital Tricoche. Barracks of Civil Guard. Military Hospital. Market-Place. Catholic and Protestant Cemeteries. Catholic Cathedral. Protestant Church. Hospital Madera.

THE CITY AND HARBOR OF PONCE.

NATIVE HOUSES, PUERTO RICO.

A PUERTO RICO BELLE.

IN PUERTO RICO.



PUERTO RICO AND SAN JUAN—SHOWING THE FIRST LANDING-PLACE OF GENERAL MILES'S ARMY, GUANICA, THE POINT OF ATTACK, SAN JUAN, AND THE ROAD THITHER, THROUGH YAUCO AND PONCE.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

TO THE POWERS.

SUGGESTED TEXT FOR AN OPEN POSTAL CARD TO EMPEROR WILLIAM, THE CZAR, ET AL.

WHAT shall we do with the Philippines?
Well, Europe, peep behind the scenes,
And what you see tell your marines.

Our plans, of course, are not complete;
Won't be till Merritt takes his seat,
Backed up by Army and by Fleet.

That done, we'll choose the fairest spots,
Divide 'em up in city plots,
And sell 'em off as corner lots.

And where the Spanish foe now loots
Mayhap you'll find some substitutes,
Like vaudeville and chuting chutes.

And possibly we'll take those Isles,
Whereon sweet peace so rarely smiles,
And give them to our men of wiles.

To Croker one, and one to Platt,
And one to Bryan—men like that—
So that *we'll* know just where *they're* at.

But one thing's fixed as any star:
We will not move those Islands far,
But let them stay just where they are.

We hope, dear Concert, great and square,
This answer strikes you as most fair.
If not, why—*well, old Dewey's there.*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(*Continued from page 759.*)

General Miles has sent the following summary of troops composing the detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition under his immediate command—*i. e.*, sailing from Guantanamo Harbor: "Four light batteries of the Third and Fourth Artillery; Lomia's Battery B, Fifth Artillery; Sixth Illinois; Sixth Massachusetts; 275 recruits for Fifth Corps; 60 men of Signal Corps, and Seventh Hospital Corps—3415 men all told." The four light batteries referred to are C and F of the Third Artillery and B and F of the Fourth. General Miles is now proceeding along the northern coast of Haiti, as appears from the circumstance that a despatch to the War Department this afternoon is headed, "On board U.S.S. *Yale*, Mole St. Nicholas, July 22."

Saturday, July 23.—Five troops of cavalry now at Camp Alger, Virginia, have been ordered to Newport News for embarkation on transports for Puerto Rico. These are Troops A and C of New York Cavalry, the Governor's Troop, Penn., and the Philadelphia City Troop.

The *City of Rio de Janeiro* sailed from San Francisco for the Philippines, with Brigadier-General H. G. Otis, Volunteer Companies A, C, D, E, F, G, L, M of the First South Dakota Volunteers, 32 officers, 669 men, 104 recruits for the Utah Light Artillery, staff officers, and clerks. Total, 50 officers, 840 enlisted men, and 10 civilians.

The following despatch to the War Department shows that the sailing of the Tampa detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition was delayed until to-day:

TAMPA, FLORIDA, *July 23.*

The transports *Arkadia*, *Whitney*, *Miller*, *Clotilda*, and *Cherokee*, with General Schwan's headquarters, sailed between ten and half past twelve to-day with two light batteries Seventh Artillery, one troop Second Cavalry, two companies Eleventh Infantry, full regiment Nineteenth Infantry, and two sections of the general pack-train. The *Mohawk*, which can easily overtake these boats, cannot sail before ten o'clock to-morrow. It will carry ten companies of the Eleventh Infantry, about 600 pack-animals, the brigade ambulance train, and Red Cross ambulances.

JOHN I. RODGERS,
Brigadier-General.

About thirty-five thousand men in all are to be sent to Puerto Rico from the several points of embarkation.

A petition to President McKinley, which has been signed by two thousand inhabitants of Santiago, expresses the hope "that the present state of affairs in Santiago, where the Spanish have still in their hands the administration and our interests, fate, and property, will be short, and that the city will be turned over to the Cubans."

Sunday, July 24.—The number of Spanish troops in Santiago province surrendering now, when notified of the fall of the city, is somewhat larger than General Toral reported. General Shafter says of those at Palma and San Luis that they "all apparently were greatly delighted at the prospect of returning home," for "they were on the verge of starvation." General Shafter continues: "And I have to send them rations to-morrow. If the numbers of troops keep up as they have, there will be about 24,000 to ship away. Nearly 12,000 are here—3000 from San Luis, 6000 from Guantanamo, and over 2000 at Sagua and Baracoa."

Monday, July 25.—Preparation for another expedition to Puerto Rico is now being made at Tampa. The three Southern regiments at that point—First Florida, Second Georgia, and Fifth Maryland—have orders to embark as soon as possible.

About 5500 men are now ready to embark at Newport News for Puerto Rico.

Brigadier-General Charles King said to-day: "It is my personal opinion that every man of the expeditionary force will be wanted in the Philippines, and will go there. Even should Manila be taken from the Spanish and the war settled in the Orient, as far as Spain is concerned, with the forces now there or already ordered to depart, it is still not to be doubted that General Merritt will be glad to have fifty thousand men before he is through with Aguinaldo."

Rumors of negotiations for peace now fill so much space in the daily newspapers that they must have a place in this diary as a part of the "news." And of course *quot relatores, tot sententiæ*, for in Spain you may have any answer that you expect. The Spaniard's emphasis is not upon matter, but upon manner, and he defines the agreeable man as the man who agrees. So to correspondents expecting peace, peace talk is accorded, while those who fear their livelihood would be more precarious in a "piping time" have the invincible Spanish peasant waved in their faces, so to speak. He used to be waved in Roman faces before Horace's time, but Spain became a splendid province. The most pointed of to-day's Madrid despatches says that "the Spanish government has drawn up a message proposing an armistice for the purpose of discussing the terms upon which peace with the United States can be arranged."

The popularity of the war loan is shown in a statement published to-day (when the first shipments of the bonds are being made) that there are about 300,000 persons to whom bonds will be allotted, and only those persons offering to take the bonds in small amounts (up to $4500) will receive them.

A landing at Puerto de Guanica, near Ponce, on the southern coast of Puerto Rico, was made by the military expedition under General Miles which sailed from Guantanamo Bay last Thursday. The selection of this point is referred to by the press despatches as a "surprise" to correspondents as well as to the enemy, but it will not greatly surprise readers of the WEEKLY, who recall the careful investigation made in the neighborhood of Ponce last May by Captain H. H. Whitney, now of General Miles's staff.* The landing was prefaced by a skirmish between Spanish troops and the crew of the *Gloucester's* launch, in which a number of the Spaniards fell.

Tuesday, July 26.—Details of the landing on the southern coast of Puerto Rico yesterday are contained in a despatch from General Miles to Secretary Alger. "Circumstances were such," the commanding general says, "that I deemed it advisable to take the harbor of Guanica first, fifteen miles west of Ponce, which was successfully accomplished between daylight and 11 o'clock. Spaniards surprised. The *Gloucester*, Commander Wainwright, first entered the harbor; met with slight resistance, fired a few shots. All the transports are now in the harbor, and infantry and artillery rapidly going ashore. This is a well-protected harbor; water sufficiently deep for all transports; the heavy vessels can anchor within a few hundred feet of shore. The Spanish flag was lowered and the American flag raised at 11 o'clock to-day. Captain Higginson, with his fleet, has rendered able and earnest assistance. Troops in good health and best spirits. No casualties."

The French ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, on behalf of the government of Spain, and at the request of the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs, presented to President McKinley this afternoon, at the White House, a message designed to open the door to negotiations for peace.

Admiral Sampson's report to the Secretary of the Navy, made public to-day, gives an account of the naval battle of July 3, outlining the action from the very moment when the head of the column of Cervera's squadron appeared (at 9.31 A.M.) to the moment when the *Brooklyn* and the *Oregon*, overhauling the enemy's best and fastest vessel, the *Cristóbal Colon*, "opened fire and got her range, the *Oregon's* heavy shell striking beyond her," and thus proving so conclusively that escape was impossible that "at 1.20 the *Colon* gave up without firing another shot, hauled down her colors, and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino, forty-eight miles from Santiago." The positions of all the vessels engaged are given, and the achievements (or fate) of each. An important paragraph is that in which we find both explanation of Cervera's dash in broad daylight and intimation of Admiral Sampson's plan: "I regard this complete and important victory over the Spanish forces as the successful finish of several weeks of arduous and close blockade, *so stringent and effective during the night that the enemy was deterred from making the attempt to escape at night, and deliberately elected to make the attempt in daylight.*" The manner in which this was accomplished is described, and reports from Commodore Schley and the captains of the American war-ships are given. Altogether the document is of uncommon interest as well as of high importance, and the writing is that of gallant gentlemen.

Wednesday, July 27.—In anticipation of peace negotiations, London traders sent the price of Spanish fours up to $39\frac{7}{8}$. Yesterday's closing price was $38\frac{1}{4}$.

General Shafter's report on the sanitary situation in Santiago: "Total sick, 4122; total fever cases, 3193; new cases of fever, 822; cases of fever returned to duty, 542."

The surrender of Guantanamo, province of Santiago de Cuba, reveals conditions there which are worse than those at Santiago before our forces, with coercion in one hand and relief in the other, took over the provincial capital. The Guantanamo troops are literally starving, and there are two thousand sick.

Thursday, July 28.—A detachment of the Puerto Rico expedition, under command of Major-General Brooke, sailed from Newport News.... At San Francisco the First Battalion South Dakota Volunteers, and recruits for Colorado and Minnesota regiments, embarked for Manila on the transport *St. Paul*.

Madrid newspapers protest against the continuance of hostilities by the United States "after Spain has sued for peace," and the following statement is attributed to Prime Minister Sagasta, in a despatch to a London newspaper: "We resolved upon peace many days ago, and made known our resolution to the United States. I regard as null and void and as destitute of good faith everything the Americans have done since. I am ready to formally protest [to the powers]." The fact is that there were no overtures for peace of which the State Department at Washington was officially informed, before the visit of M. Cambon, Tuesday afternoon. The suggestion then made by the French ambassador was not of such a nature that it could be regarded as a warrant for stopping the war. Peace must wait upon the acceptance of conditions which have not yet been proposed, or even formulated; and it is not at all plain that a truce, too easily obtained, would advance the much-desired conclusion.

M. W.

* See HARPER'S WEEKLY, June 25, 1898.

PARIS.

THE FRENCH PRESS AND THE WAR.

June 24, 1898.

THE Spanish war throws an interesting light on those astonishing organizations known as French newspapers. Whether, as has already been said by the WEEKLY, in their recent attacks upon us they have reflected true French feeling, does not concern us in the least. We need to care what Continental Europe may say about us only in case unfriendly sympathies are strong enough to lead those who entertain them into a hostile attitude towards the United States. But we are asked to believe that apparently almost the entire press of a country is not to be taken seriously; and, as a matter of fact, any one who has lived in Paris for many years, as I have, in touch with all sorts and conditions of men, knows that the press is not to be believed, and that the amount of credence to be placed in almost any paper may be estimated in inverse proportion to its importance and the number of its sales. This is a paradox worth looking into, especially as a time might come some day when it would be useful to us to know how to go to work to get a printed sentiment which the French themselves would avow.

To judge at all of French journals we must look at the principles underlying them, the first of which is, naturally, to make them pay. Every French paper has three sides—the *coté administratif*, or business side; its reportage, or news; and what is called *grand journalism*, those brilliant articles signed by well-known names which are famous the world over. All papers have at their head a group of politicians who are not only of a party, but the *nuance* of a party, and many of them have secret funds from the government. As the French do not understand advertising, that is not a source of revenue; and the business interests of the paper are maintained by a certain profession of faith called its politics, determined almost entirely by its capacity for making money.

Drument, for instance, makes *La Libre Parole* pay by popularity gained by dragging the government and the Jews through the mud. The campaign he leads is not only anti-Semitic and socialistic, it is distinguished by the *nuance* of Catholic socialism. Everything that is not Catholic—such as the American war against Spain—is against Drument. As the socialistic working-man who buys *La Libre Parole* must be regaled with strong language, the result is the violent and vulgar insults that have been heaped upon the American people.

Other people buy Drument to see what Drument is saying. He is a personage and a man to read, even while but few take him seriously. Outside of his leaders, the paper is nothing but a journal of affairs, filled up with no matter what, provided it be strong. The French are so used to hearing the heads of their own government characterized as gredins, crapules, friponilles, in such papers as *La Libre Parole*, that what these turbulent organs said of another government left them indifferent, until they found that such utterances were precisely the ones most translated and commented on by their enemies and on the other side, and that they were taken seriously by the American people.

No French paper, politically, represents anything more than a certain shade of a certain sentiment of a certain party. The *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, and the journal of M. Cassagnac, *L'Autorité*, which have a combination with the extreme royalists among the nobility, must support a Catholic and royalist government in Spain for political and business reasons at the same time that these papers are bought by the largest part of their readers for their literary criticism, their signed articles—for anything but their politics. Rochefort, who has been hurling invectives against the government since the time of the Empire, makes no more impression for us than the others against us, because his republicanism implies also communism, whither few are inclined to follow him, the socialism of France lying outside of the lines of *L'Intransigeant*. The men of weight in French papers are the "grand journalists" like Jules Lemaître, for instance, entirely outside of the political business affairs of the various organs.

Outside of the exaggerations of the newspapers, for political reasons, a certain mild sentiment against the war has existed all along in Paris among people of all shades of opinion; very much such a feeling as one encountered at first among Americans who had been long away from home, and upon whom the immediate settlement of the Cuban question by arms fell like a thunder-bolt from a clear sky. With the French, setting apart their interests in Spanish bonds, it came from the fact, as an Englishman intimately connected with diplomatic circles said to me, that they are the peace-makers of Europe. The key to the Dreyfus affair was their dread of complications that might bring on war. The very word of war, in a country where almost every man is a soldier, is a terror to them. It brings up the dreadful and poignant souvenirs of 1870—the invasion of the country, the incessant roar of the cannons advancing on Paris, the ambulances gorged with wounded too numerous to be cared for, the cold, famine, and crushing defeat. "From the New World we looked for progress towards peace," is the substance of what I have heard a hundred times from men of weight, "and you have taken the worst thing of the old régime."

All the French asked was to be allowed to go on peacefully to the end of the century and have their exposition, when we suddenly brought them face to face with the most disagreeable thing known to their consciousness. It is French instinct to put aside, if possible, the painful side of serious things, which is the direct consequence of that sensibility, which is their greatest charm.

The change in their feeling is not only for commercial reasons, and because of Mr. Chamberlain's speech, but because the serious element of the French people at large has looked the war squarely in the face, instructed itself, and learned to understand us better. As I said in the beginning, it is a matter of small moment to us what the sentiment may be, but it is nevertheless well to do a certain justice toward the nation that sent us Lafayette, that has most generously thrown open all the advantages of its schools to the student officers from our navy free of charge, and has given us proof of friendship in numberless ways.

ALLEN SERGEANT.

NEVER HAS ANYTHING BEEN SO HIGHLY AND SO JUSTLY PRAISED AS

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE, the FAMOUS TONIC for BODY, NERVES and BRAIN.

GEN. SIR EVELYN WOOD Says:

"Regarding the infantry marching in the recent manœuvres, it was the best seen during my command at Aldershot. Many officers availed themselves of the tonic and reconstituent properties of the well-known Mariani Wine, the most certain as well as the most palatable method of inducing resistance to fatigue."
From "The London Sketch."

MAX O'RELL,
The Renowned Writer and Lecturer, Writes:

Your Vin Mariani is positively marvellous; one glass put me on my feet; one bottle made a new man of me. Yours gratefully, MAX O'RELL.

MARIANI WINE is invaluable at this season of the year, when, owing to trying climatic conditions, the system is especially susceptible to attacks of debility and prostration.

VIN MARIANI (MARIANI WINE) has stood the test of thirty-five years' trial. It has written endorsements from more than 8000 American physicians, in addition to having received cordial recommendations from royalty, princes of the Church and of the State, and many notable personages.

MARIANI WINE is a tonic prepared upon careful scientific principles. It contains absolutely no injurious properties. It gives power to the brain, strength to the entire nervous system, firmness and elasticity to the muscles, and richness to the blood. It has been aptly described as a promoter of good health and longevity.

MARIANI WINE is specially indicated for General Debility, Weakness from whatever causes, Overwork, Profound Depression and Exhaustion, Throat and Lung Diseases, Consumption, Malaria and La Grippe.

MARIANI WINE is an adjuvant in convalescence and a powerful rejuvenator. For Overworked Men, Delicate Women, Sickly Children it Works Wonders. Taken with cracked ice, it relieves Summer Prostration quickly and effectually. It soothes, strengthens and sustains the system.

To those who will kindly write to MARIANI & CO., 52 West 15th Street, New York City, will be sent, free, book containing portraits with endorsements of Emperors, Empress, Princes, Cardinals, Archbishops, and other interesting matter.

ALL DRUGGISTS. *AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.*

PARIS: 41 Boulevard Haussmann. LONDON: 83 Mortimer Street. MONTREAL: 28-30 Hospital Street.

That salt-shaker is filled with Pepsalt

Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO
45 Sheriff St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

What Is It?

Why, the most delicious and exquisite

Natural Champagne

Fermented in the bottle. Excels in health-giving properties. Ask your dealer for it, or address

The New Hammondsport Wine Co.
Hammondsport, N. Y.

To more thoroughly introduce our productions, we will deliver at any point in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains having an express office, one assorted case containing twelve bottles as follows: One pint each of Golden Age, Beef Iron and Wine, and Cognac Process Brandy, and nine quart bottles of assorted Still Wines, making 1 doz. varieties, on receipt of address accompanied with $6.00.

No. 4711 ESSENCE OF

Rhine Violets

No. 4711

The highest degree of refinement.—Wonderfully delicate and lasting.—Absolutely true odor of the living flower.—Be sure to get the "No. 4711."

Sole U. S. Agents
MÜLHENS & KROPFF
NEW YORK

The Club Cocktails

MANHATTAN, MARTINI, WHISKEY, HOLLAND GIN, TOM GIN, VERMOUTH, AND YORK.

A COCKTAIL MUST BE COLD TO BE GOOD; TO SERVE IN PERFECT CONDITION, POUR OVER CRACKED ICE, (NOT SHAVEN) STIR AND STRAIN OFF.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.

A NEW POCO.
The Folding Gem.

The neatest, smallest, most carefully built of all the low-priced cameras. A marvel of compactness weighing one pound, and only an inch and a-half thick, closed. Automatically locks itself at proper focusing distance. Closes by touching a spring.

TAKES A PICTURE 4 X 5
As perfect at edges as at centre.

COMPLETE, $7.00.

ROCHESTER CAMERA CO.
43 ELIZABETH ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WAR BOOKS

"ALL HANDS." Pictures of Life in the United States Navy. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM. Large 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Full Gilt, $5 00.

HORSE, FOOT, AND DRAGOONS. Sketches of Army Life at Home and Abroad. By RUFUS FAIRCHILD ZOGBAUM. With Illustrations by the Author. Square 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

THE UNDER SIDE OF THINGS. A novel dealing with army life at Tampa, Dry Tortugas, and Fort Hamilton. By LILIAN BELL. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION. By BENSON J. LOSSING. 1100 Illustrations. 2 Volumes. Royal 8vo, Cloth, $14 00; Three-quarter Leather, $15 00; Half Calf, $18 00.

PICTORIAL FIELD-BOOK OF THE WAR OF 1812. By BENSON J. LOSSING. With 882 Illustrations. Royal 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Three-quarter Leather, $8 50; Half Calf, $10 00.

THE STORY OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY, for Boys. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated. 12mo, Half Leather, $1 75.

NAVAL ACTIONS OF THE WAR OF 1812. By JAMES BARNES. With 21 Full-page Illustrations by CARLTON T. CHAPMAN, printed in tint or color, and 12 Reproductions of Medals. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Deckel Edges and Gilt Top, $4 50.

ARMIES OF TO-DAY. By General WESLEY MERRITT, Lord WOLSELEY, and Others. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD; from Marathon to Waterloo. By E. S. CREASY. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00. *(New Edition.)*

BOOTS AND SADDLES; or, Life in Dakota with General Custer. By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER. With Portraits of General Custer. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

OTHER BOOKS BY MRS. CUSTER:

FOLLOWING THE GUIDON. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

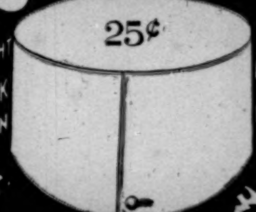
TENTING ON THE PLAINS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers

RICH, PURE FLAVOR.

Perfectly Matured and Mellow.

WEAR COLUSA



FOR SALE AT FURNISHING STORES OR ON RECEIPT OF 25c IN STAMPS FROM

H. C. CURTIS & CO.
TROY, N.Y.

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

KLONDIKE NECESSITIES

A SMITH & WESSON Revolver may be of

more value than a bag of gold-dust. Take one with you.

Our catalogue of heavy calibres mailed on application.

SMITH & WESSON,
15 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

	Per Year		Per Year
Magazine,	$4 00	Bazar, .	$4 00
Weekly, .	4 00	Literature,	4 00

Round Table, $1 00

Summer Resorts

LONG BEACH

Long Island

LONG BEACH HOTEL INN AND COTTAGES

Finest Beach and Bathing
near NEW YORK CITY

Cuisine and Service Unsurpassed

45 minutes from New York via L. I. R. R. Express trains and unexcelled Railroad service. Accommodations for Bicycles.

LIBERAL RATES FOR SEASON GUESTS

Long-distance telephone No. 23.A, Long Beach.
A. E. DICK, Proprietor.

A PARTY OF RUFF-RIDERS.

THE official tests by the Agricultural Department of the United States Government show the Royal to be a pure baking powder, superior to all others in leavening strength.

It therefore makes purer, more wholesome and economical food than any other baking powder or leavening agent.

Royal Baking Powder is more convenient for use than cream of tartar and soda and makes finer-flavored food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

A delicious drink and a piquant relish.

Vigoral

"Concentrated Beef"

Represents all the nutriment and flavor of prime roast beef in a condensed form. It builds up the invalid. Strengthens the convalescent.
Our Chafing Dish Recipe Book sent upon request. It gives fifty ways of using Vigoral.
ARMOUR & COMPANY, CHICAGO.

"A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa

Trade-Mark.

The Standard for Purity and Excellence....

Costs less than one cent a cup.

Our Trade-Mark on Every Package.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
ESTABLISHED 1780.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Upholstery.

Velour Glacé,

Tapestry Silk Damask, for Curtains and Furniture Covering.

Real Lace Curtains.

Arabian, Marie Antoinette, Brussels and Renaissance.

Tamboured Lace and Muslin for Sash Curtains.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK.

Joseph Gillott's STEEL PENS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889, AND THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION AWARD.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

WONDERFUL TRIËDER BINOCULARS

½ Actual Size.

Prices Range from $44.50 to $72.50.

C. P. GOERZ, 52 Union Sq. (East), N. Y. City

Have **8** to **10** times the power of the best of the old-style field and opera glasses.

Pocket size—invaluable for Army and Navy, War Correspondents, Race Meets, Regattas, Travel, and the Theatre.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue. For sale by leading jewelers and opticians throughout the United States. Among them:

New York—Theodore B. Starr, F. G. Schmidt, Gall & Lembke.
Brooklyn—J. B. Hoecker, 312 Fulton St.
Chicago—C. D. Peacock, Spaulding & Co., Hyman, Berg & Co., N. Watry, H. Borsch.
Philadelphia—Queen & Co., Bonschur & Holmes, Williams, Brown & Earle.
Washington—Franklin & Co., Moore & Leding, D. N. Walford.
Boston—Pinkham & Smith.
St. Louis—A. S. Aloe Co., Erker Bros.
San Francisco—Hirsch & Kayser, Henry Kahn & Co., Geo. H. Kahn.

Nathan B. Goodnow & Co.,
BANKERS.
ESTABLISHED 1873.
2 Post Office Sq., Boston, Mass.

Transact a General Banking Business, including the Purchase and Sale of Stocks, Bonds, and Grain, for Investment or on Margin.

Dealers in Government and Railroad Bonds.

Books containing Four-Year Range of Prices, Dividends, and Earnings sent free on request.

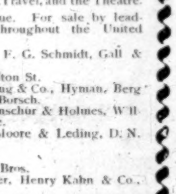
A Permanently Invested Fund of over TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS is held as a Guaranteed Security for all persons having business with us.

Correspondence solicited.

TRADE E&W MARK — EARL & WILSON'S LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS BEST IN THE WORLD

CHICKEN

NOVEL MEXICAN DELICACY.



Minced chicken, highly seasoned with Mexican spices, and wrapped in corn husks. Unique, delightful.

At grocers, or ½ pound can mailed for 18¢ in stamps. Booklet sent on request.

TAMALE

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
DEPARTMENT H
KANSAS CITY, MO. U.S.A.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE. HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

Books for Lovers of Nature

By CAROLINE A. CREEVEY

Flowers of Field, Hill, and Swamp. Illustrated by BENJAMIN LANDER. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

Recreations in Botany. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

By WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON

Illustrated by the Author.

Eye Spy. Afield with Nature among Flowers and Animate Things. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

My Studio Neighbors. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

Our Edible Toadstools and Mushrooms, and How to Distinguish Them. With Colored Plates. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $7 50.

Camp Life in the Woods, and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-Making. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

Pastoral Days; or, Memories of a New England Year. 4to, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50.

Highways and Byways; or, Saunterings in New England. 4to, Cloht, Gilt Edges, $2 50.

Happy Hunting-Grounds. A Tribute to the Woods and Fields. 4to, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $7 50.

Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine. Royal 8vo, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $3 50.

Sharp Eyes. A Rambler's Calendar of Fifty-two Weeks among Birds, Insects, and Flowers. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

THE OUANANICHE. And its Canadian Environment. By E. T. D. CHAMBERS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 00.

FIELD-FARINGS. By MARTHA MCCULLOCH WILLIAMS. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $1 00.

WASTE-LAND WANDERINGS. By C. C. ABBOTT. 12mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 50.

CITY BOYS IN THE WOODS. By HENRY P. WELLS. Illustrated. Square, 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50.

By ERNEST INGERSOLL

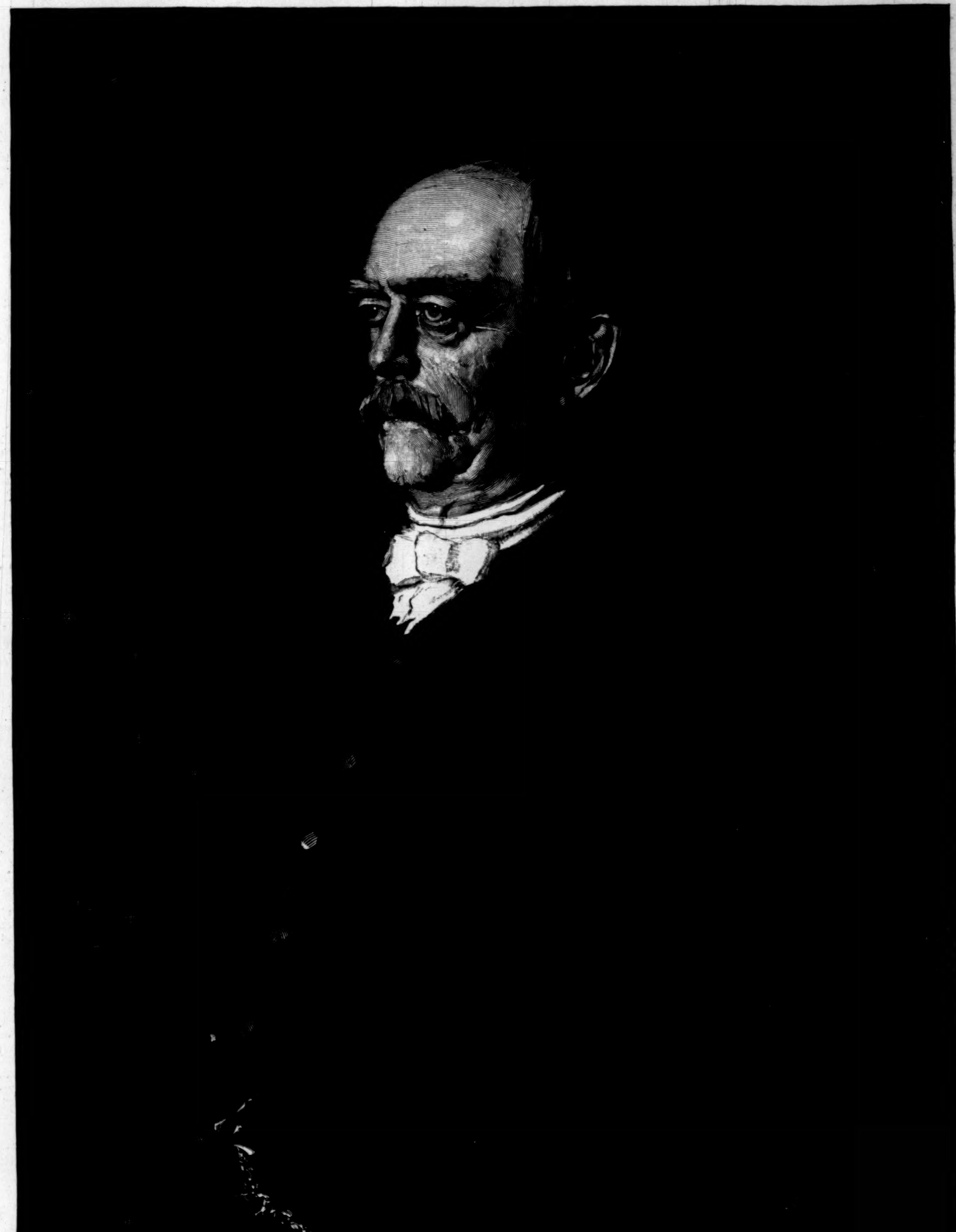
Country Cousins. Short Studies in the Natural History of the United States. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Friends Worth Knowing. Glimpses of American Natural History. Profusely Illustrated. Cloth, $1 00.

Knocking Round the Rockies. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York and London

"AMERICA'S GREAT RESORTS," 48 pages, with map, sent free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by GEORGE H. DANIELS, C. P. A. New York Central, New York.



PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK.

BISMARCK AND HIS PEOPLE.

TO know Bismarck, one must not seek him at Friedrichsruh, which, after all, is but a show-place, nor lay too much stress on a knowledge of his public doings, heralded by the press of all the world off and on, nor assume that a study of his Hamburg newspaper organ gives a clear insight into his character at this stage of his career.

It is true, one may catch him in his shirt sleeves at the country-seat near Hamburg, and "catch him tripping" at those minor public occasions as well as in his editorial work, but for all that we see only the *official* Bismarck—official, though without office—not the Bismarck who in his innermost heart confesses to the *homo sum* of the true philosopher.

The Bismarck *as he is,* is only to be met with at Varzin, the feudal estate in far-off Pomerania, which the Prince bought with the money raised by grateful citizens.

Starting from Berlin, it takes from twelve to fourteen hours' journeying to get there, and this probably explains the fact why the multitude of people who make it their business to write about the ex-Chancellor collect their material anywhere but at Varzin; it also accounts, no doubt, for Bismarck's *sans façon* way of living at this lonely tusculum.

The route leads through a bleak and almost desolate country, the ancient margraviate of Brandenburg, into the former dukedom of Pomerania, fully as cheerless and destitute as the other.

After eight hours' weary ride, interrupted by innumerable stoppages at stations where it was impossible to get anything beyond stale beer and the national black bread and herring, we arrived, towards five o'clock P.M., at Schlawe, a little town some few miles from the East Sea. There we were transferred to a branch line, a special passenger-car containing a first-class carriage being attached to a freight train for our benefit. Our miseries were, how-

ever, not yet ended, for after three-quarters of an hour of crawling along, the train halted with a jerk in the thick of a forest, and the conductor came to tell us that we had arrived at Zollbrück, and were to again change cars for Hammermühle, terminus of the branch. After another hour of slow torture, that place was reached. There was no regular post-chaise to Varzin, but, luckily for us, there was a special mail delivery on that day, arranged for the benefit of Prince Bismarck and his guests, and we were allowed to ride to the village in a springless cart loaded down with packages and letter-bags.

It was nearly eight o'clock, when, in view of the first houses of Varzin, and as our cart was just swinging around the corner into the village street, the driver sharply drew in the reins and said, "There comes his Grace; I nearly ran into him."

True enough, there were the historical boar-hounds, racing along, barking and howling, and close behind them an open barouche of heavy make, drawn by two immense chestnuts. On the right sat a tall, broad figure, enveloped in a plaid to ward off the drizzling rain that had been falling for an hour or so. Now he raises his slouch-hat before the strangers in the mail-wagon, and in the twilight we recognize Bismarck.

Our driver did not attempt to follow in the Prince's wake until the rattle and clank of wheels and hoofs and the hounds' barking had thoroughly died out. Only then we entered upon the lanternless road, at the further end of which the inn was situated. Such an inn! Like a mediæval stronghold, it was surrounded by a pool of greenish water. A woman, milk-pail in hand, introduced herself as the landlady.

After a supper of eggs and potatoes, the cheese was impossible, and a night on feather beds, the feathers of which had not been "cured," we awoke betimes, and after a hard struggle for a tub of water, indulged in a hasty breakfast of bread and milk, which we found in the lower room. We had about finished, when our hostess and a man in a white cap and apron broke in upon us, and seeing us feasting, cried out: "They have eaten the rolls of our *gnädiger Herr!* What *shall* we do? What *shall* we do? Ah, and they have drunk his cream!"

We were informed that Prince Bismarck was the only person in Varzin indulging in the luxury of white bread, especially made for him by the woman's husband, the baker. These people were also bound by their contract of tenancy to save their cream for his Grace. All we could do was to offer a monetary equivalent for the damage done. Then we started upon a tour of the village.

Varzin, like most Pomeranian hamlets, consists of one street only, with the manor-house marking the upper terminus, and the premises of the head keeper (in this case the *Oberförster*—master of the forest) at the other end. The houses of the tenants are in every respect low, slovenly, and neglected, and, like our hotel, surrounded by a pool of stagnant water, collected from the refuse of the stables, the kitchens, and occasional rain showers. A single plank serves to bridge the chasm between the road and what is generally used for sidewalks—here a sloppy mire, in which numerous ducks and geese take their pleasure. These fowls are everywhere in the village. Here we find them waddling Indian file, or grouped in veritable battalions, a hundred heads strong, in the middle of the roadway; there they compel little children to seek shelter with their mother, or march unceremoniously through the passages of houses, peeping into the very rooms for prey. Some five minutes' walk from the manor-house there is a small lake literally covered with these birds.

The houses of the post and school masters are noteworthy exceptions to the prevailing carelessness, and the former makes quite a pretty picture of rural simplicity.

Being advised that Prince Bismarck was never visible before eleven o'clock, we took our time in looking about.

From the village we turned our attention to the manor-house or castle, whose yards and outbuildings reach down to the street, flanked at that point by poplars on both sides. It is probably due to the aristocratic notions of the founders of the estate that the residential buildings turn their back upon the village. The approach, covering nearly half an acre of ground, leads over a slight incline fortified with cobblestones, very trying to a city man, and between a succession of stables, which for all the world look like a number of the village cottages joined together. The yards and sheds appeared to be deserted, and not until we reached the newly built annex did we encounter a living soul. And this belonged to no less a personage than Dr. Chrysander, the Prince's reader, medical adjunct, and quasi-secretary.

The doctor is a tall slim man with a strange, raggy beard all around his face. The report of our visit and intentions evidently had preceded us, for he at once volunteered the information that "Prince Bismarck was not in the habit of receiving strangers at Varzin." For this piece of intelligence we were duly thankful, but having confidently expected the rebuff so promptly put forth, proceeded on our errand without further parley.

The annex already mentioned is a severely plain two-story-and-basement brick structure with plaster facings, and, like the rest of the buildings, yellow-washed. On the entrance floor is the secretary's office, containing a few pieces of rough furniture, besides two large tables, usually loaded with newspapers, which Dr. Chrysander has to read and mark for the benefit of his master. This room connects by a corridor with Prince Bismarck's own bedchamber in the adjoining manor-house, where his Grace receives the doctor's press reports and his mail immediately on awakening, and while taking his tea in bed. The Princess also has her room on the ground-floor, the whole of which is devoted to the old people's use. The fact is Frau von Bismarck, who in her husband's affectionate letters figures as such a robust and lively woman, is nowadays so crippled by old age as to be incapable of ascending stairs. The upper floor of the manor-house has been given over entirely to the Prince's children, grandchildren, and occasional guests.

We walked past the Prince's private stables and carriage-sheds, forming a sort of inner court with the rear of the manor and annex, and entered the park expanding in front. There a really pretty picture met our eyes. The greater part of the front is covered by a creeper, and mighty trees rise on all sides. The flower-beds facing the house are laid out tastefully without being artificial in design. There are no rare plants, no elaborate china vases, there is no evidence of the hot-house or the landscape-gardener's art. Everything is natural, simple, homelike, a lovely spot that any good housewife might keep in perfect order. The park covers many acres, finally to merge with the forests and fields belonging to the estate. Bismarck, standing on the roof of his house, might turn his face to the north or south, to east or west, and exclaim, with Monte Cristo, "The world is mine as far as the eye travels."

With exploring the nooks and corners, the shady avenues, and fenced meadows where the colts are kept, the time had passed speedily, and it was nearly twelve o'clock when an attendant from the castle announced that the Prince was about to take his usual morning stroll, and would be pleased to see us in the avenue leading to the spring. This spring is situated in a hollow, near the house, and is credited with containing a certain amount of mineral matter. His Grace takes a glass of the water whenever he goes for exercise. Just now a man-servant was coming from the spot with a tumbler in his hand.

He had no sooner disappeared into the side entrance of the house when the boar-hounds came bounding along the avenue, followed by their master and Count Herbert. A young lady—the daughter of Baron von Merckh of Hamburg, as I afterwards learned—was trying to catch up with them.

The two tall men formed a splendid object for the instantaneous camera we were carrying.

"Ah!" cried Bismarck, when within hearing distance, "that is what I call a photographic *attentat!* Never mind; I have endured worse cases of assault."

The boar-hounds meanwhile had succeeded in reversing our private opinion about their alleged ferocious selves. They are splendid beasts with silklike bluish-gray coats, and as docile and amiable as kittens. They thrust their snouts into our hands, and otherwise tried to belie the bad name given them by politicians and reporters to whom their master had denied himself. The Prince said he had been advised we were neither political scandal-mongers nor persistent interviewers. "You come from London," he added; "well, what is the latest from across the Channel?"

We gave some instances of public life and doings, in which his Grace seemed much interested, and then branched off into literature, mentioning, among other things, the forth-coming English edition of some well-heralded memoirs.

"Yes, yes," said the Prince, "the memoirs of the great offer the most interesting study for those coming after us."

"And your Grace is credited with being engaged on the most memorable of them all."

"They credit me with a good many things—my friends and my enemies alike," answered Bismarck, with a knowing smile and a shrug of the shoulders, "but I assure you I have nothing ready."

"But you are preparing memoirs, are you not?" I persisted.

"I thought you were not an interviewer," said the Prince, somewhat seriously, and at once turned the conversation into other channels by inviting us to take a good look around his farm.

"This is a healthy country," he continued, pointing his stick in the direction of the broad expanse of woods and meadows before us. "I always feel quite young when stopping at Varzin, and would indeed be thoroughly contented with my lot if my wife were in better health."

These last words were uttered in a voice of almost womanly tenderness. The great man evidently felt deeply concerned about his *Frau*, as he called the Princess.

We were told by him that her Grace was losing strength all the time, and that since the beginning of the year she had been unable to attend to her household duties, in which she was so much interested.

"She is deprived of the best tonic Varzin offers, poor woman"—these were the fond husband's own words—"exercise in the fresh and bracing air. That's what keeps me so well. I am almost constantly out-doors—"

"Rain or shine," I interrupted, "as we observed last night, first thing after our arrival."

"Was that you?" gasped the Prince, with an amused twinkle in his eye. "Oh dear! oh dear! and in the open mail-cart too! Surely you are not stopping at our local hotel?"

We settled his mind on those points, and, in his turn, he congratulated us on our "passion for self-abnegation and self-sacrifice."

Walking along towards the fields, Bismarck indulged in the little pastime peculiar to his late master, Kaiser Wilhelm I., asking about our homes, parents, and studies. Of America he spoke with much warmth, dwelling on her inexhaustible resources of nature and the successes of her government.

After a while he bade us adieu, shook hands heartily, and repeated his invitation to make ourselves at home.

It is almost needless to say we followed his advice. In doing so we had the good fortune of again meeting the great man, when a party of ladies and children from one of the neighboring seats waited on him in the afternoon. He appeared as pleasant and cheerful as in the morning, and even displayed a certain amount of gallantry as he took the flowers offered by the fair donors. (See illustration.)

Bismarck's daily life at Varzin is of the simplest; there is no ceremony of any kind; he is hardly regarded as a Prince or a great man at all. The estate he occupies has been for hundreds of years in the hands of the lesser nobility, that is, persons endowed with the almost vulgar privilege of affixing a "von" in front of their family name. The old serfs called their masters and mistresses *Gnädiger Herr* and *Gnädige Frau* respectively, and this custom prevails among the tenants of the present day, in spite of the fact that their landlord's name and title are recorded in the Almanach de Gotha, Part II.

From all I hear and see, Bismarck is not an exacting master. He walks, drives, and rides among his quasi subjects with the *nonchalance* of a city man, accepting their reverence where it is freely offered as part and parcel of his station, but never insisting on any prescribed formality to another's discomfort. There was a time when, upon his arrival in his domain, the cottages appeared in all the glory of fresh whitewash and greens, when flags were hoisted and the tenants donned their best; but learning by personal application that he, the master himself, paid for this joyous display, either directly or indirectly, the Prince gave strict orders that such demonstrations should be discontinued. Although very fond of farming, and the general business and prerogatives of the feudal land-owner, he never interferes directly in administrative matters, and thoroughly abhors to treat with his tenants upon monetary affairs. If any of them has a grievance, or desires a release or loan, he must address himself to the *Oberförster*.

The tenants may be thorough Germans, as they claim, but in their appearance and manners cannot deny their Sclavonian origin, their descent from the old *Kassuben*, that Wendish tribe notorious in western Prussia for sluggishness, boorishness, and general dislike to water. Their wages are meagre, as the soil they till is poor, but they have a roof over their heads, plenty of potatoes, black bread, and fixings to eat, and even a little money for schnapps. The men earn from 40 to 45 pfennings per day (4 pfennings equal 1 cent), the women 30 pfennings, aside from free land, dwelling, and wood. Any extra hand in a household (aside from man and wife) receives 75 pfennings daily wage. This is the average pay for rural labor in Pomerania. The Prince pays neither more nor less than any other landlord; if he *did* go above the average, he would only foster drunkenness among his people.

We heard the Prince's own statement regarding his health, and it only remains to say that his looks and manner bore out his words.

Having lost his *embonpoint* under the skilful treatment of Professor Schwenniger, he appeared even taller than in the days of his glory; being unhampered by arduous duties and the thousand and one vexations of office, his temperament had softened and his natural cordiality had returned.

Did he look like a disappointed man?

Far from it. To the unprejudiced he appeared as one taking his comfort—and taking it in the most decided and deliberate fashion at that. And who knows but that the evident discomfort of his chief enemy does not materially contribute to his enjoyment of perfect ease?

Henry W. Fischer.

Varzin, *October 10, 1898.*

PRINCE BISMARCK AT VARZIN.

PRINCE BISMARCK.

On the 1st of April, 1815, there was born to a quiet Prussian squire of Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, a son, who was destined to make the name of Bismarck more famous than that of any statesman or ruler of his time. It was the year of Waterloo. Prussia, was a subordinate member of the German Bund, of which Austria, under the House of Hapsburg, was the acknowledged chief. Exhausted by the efforts it had made in the Napoleonic wars, the ruling House of Hohenzollern conformed its foreign policy to that of the Diet of Frankfort, which was the maintenance of a mild but steady inertia on the part of the Bund, believed then to be necessary to the maintenance of the "balance of power" in Europe. Little did the proprietor of Schönhausen dream that his second son was one day to convert the loosely joined, inert body of petty German states into a vast German Empire, instinct with the vital force of nationality, deeply influencing, and often dominating the destinies of the continent, and strongly affecting those of the whole world.

Certainly nothing in the life of Bismarck for the first thirty years gave sign of his splendid future. He passed through the common routine of the education of his time and class, but made slight use of the opportunities it offered. It is even disputed whether the late Chancellor of the German Empire ever passed the state examination, which is in his country a condition precedent to public employment. In college he was famous only for his wild life, his numerous duels, his skill in swimming and in horsemanship, and enjoyed as well as earned the title of *flotter Bursche*, a "jolly student." Leaving the university, he adopted rather than practised the profession of law, travelled frequently, took his turn in the landwehr, and gained a lieutenant's commission, but finally, at the age of twenty-four, with his elder brother, Bernhard, took charge of the family estates in Pomerania, with a residence at Kniephof. Here he succeeded in management, but led the social life of a wild country squire—a mighty hunter, a deep drinker, ready at feast or fight, known to the neighboring garrison as "the mad Bismarck" (*der tolle Bismarck*). A dozen years passed in this fashion, at the end of which he won the love and the hand of the Fräulein Johanna von Putkammer, in despite of much natural reluctance on the part of her parents.

Urged by his brother, who was alone in thinking that Bismarck was "by inclination and natural disposition made for the public service, and that sooner or later he must engage in it," he secured an election to the Diet of Saxony, and as deputy went, in 1847, to the first United Diet of Prussia. He immediately took a prominent place in the front rank of the ultra-conservative party. He attacked the Radicals and even the Liberals with tremendous energy, and quickly made himself noted for the vigor and freedom with which he announced his extreme views, and the trenchant and bitter sarcasm which he rained on his opponents. He held that nothing should be demanded of the King, and everything left to his Majesty's goodness; and to the claims of a democratic orator of Berlin, he savagely declared that "all the great cities ought to be destroyed and razed to the ground as the eternal homes of revolution and constitutionalism." Of constitutionalism, which he held in great contempt, he said that it was only *la démocratie endimanchée* (democracy in Sunday clothes). He had little respect and less taste for parliamentary life or methods. It was not by debate, he thundered, in one of those bursts of eloquence which occurred in his usually awkward oratory, that the decision could come between authority and revolution; "that decision will only come from God, from the God of battles, when he lets fall from his hand the iron dice of destiny."

His course won him some attention from the king, Frederick William IV. In December, 1848, he was elected from Brandenburg to the Second Chamber of the German Diet under the new constitution, and showed himself still not only an extreme conservative, but an ardent partisan of the supremacy of Austria. At this time he took a passing part in journalism, and wrote for the *Kreuz Zeitung*, whose motto may, more justly than would at first appear, be regarded as the one he followed through life: "*Mit Gott für König und Vaterland*" ("With God for King and Fatherland"). He sustained the ministry even in its humiliating concessions to Austria at Olmütz, and was, in May, 1851, sent as first secretary of the Embassy to the Diet of Frankfort, where, a few months later, he was made ambassador. He thus entered on a diplomatic career which was of immense service to him, though every instinct of his imperious and fiery mind revolted against it. Two things in his experience at Frankfort, which lasted eight years, are of special note. One was the intimate and lasting friendship which sprang up between him and the Count Gortschakoff, the future Chancellor of the Russian Empire; the other was the prompt perception at which he arrived of the unfitness of Austria to be the leader of Germany, with the conviction that it was within the duty and the power of Prussia to take that post. As ambassador, with indomitable perseverance, he bent his energies to the task of undermining the Austrian influence, and instilling into the minds of the leaders of Prussia an idea of her possible future.

But his part was still relatively modest, and the interest of the record of this period of his life, for which his letters to his beloved sister, the Countess von Arnim, ten years his junior, furnish ample material, lies in the racy and piquant pictures of the diplomatic world and the actors in it. In 1858 the mind of the King of Prussia gave way, and his brother, afterward the Emperor William I., was declared Prince-Regent.

In the change of Ministry which followed, Bismarck foresaw his possible dismissal, and regarded it with his usual rude philosophy. He "would retire under the guns of Schönhausen" and watch. "The prospect of a fresh and honest struggle," he wrote, "without any official shackles in political bathing-drawers (if I may say so) has nearly as much charm for me as a continued *régime* of truffles, despatches, and grand crosses.... With my simple wants I am independent; and if God keeps my wife and children in good health, I say *vogue la galère!* whatever the waters may be."

The "waters" on which Bismarck's ship was to set sail were to be changed; but he was far from being retired, or allowed to retire. He was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, where he arrived April 1, 1859. He remained at the Russian Court three years. During that time he cemented yet more closely the friendship with Gortschakoff—one of the most remarkable in the history of statecraft—and made many valuable connections with Russian leaders of politics and society. He labored earnestly to prevent Prussia from siding with Austria in the Italian war of 1859, and was incessant in his representations to his government of the necessity of a change in the relations of Prussia to the German Confederation. In one of his letters at this time occurred the forerunner of the famous phrase "blood and iron." "I perceive," he wrote, "something defective in our position in the Bund, which, sooner or later, we shall be obliged to repair *ferro et igni* unless we submit it in time and at a favorable opportunity to serious treatment." His efforts, however, were practically in vain. Prussia failed to arm in the cause of Austria only because that power, with fatal insolence, demanded that the troops so offered should be under the command of the Austrian generals; and King William listened with interest and admiration, but without acting upon them, to the vigorous ideas of his ambassador. Bismarck fell sick and was deeply discouraged. "I seem," he wrote in January, 1862, "like a sick circus-rider," but he would "go on doing his duty in a homespun way." He would like to go to Paris; the "climate would suit the children better"; but "sickness comes everywhere, and misfortunes too. With God's help one withstands them, or bows in submission to His will! locality has nothing to do with it." He had been spoken of as Minister; he was "downright afraid of the post as of a cold bath."

Again Bismarck's theatre of action was to be changed, but his rather sombre view of his future was not to be justified. William I., now become King (January 1, 1861), had so far yielded to the views of Bismarck—with which, indeed, in this regard, he warmly united—as to place General von Roon in the War Office, with orders to bring the army to the highest perfection as rapidly as possible. Bismarck was brought from Russia and sent to Paris preliminary to his appointment at the head of the Ministry. In this brief interval he saw Napoleon III. at Biarritz, made a rapid journey to the south, from whence he wrote fascinating letters to his wife and sister, visited London, where he made the most lively impression, and returned to take his place as President of the Ministry September 23, 1862. His aims were very clear in his own mind, but the task of their accomplishment was herculean. He proposed to himself nothing less than a united Germany under Prussia, from which Austria was to be expelled, possibly by peaceful means, probably and even preferably by force. The first step was the strengthening of the army. The Chamber obstinately refused it. It was dissolved, and the work went on without its sanction. The Minister was intensely unpopular, and was bitterly denounced for usurpation. He foresaw possible revolution as a consequence of his action, but he did not shrink. He only hastened the events which were to make revolution impossible. He strengthened himself on the side of Russia by a cruel offer of aid in crushing Poland, and in return obtained Russian neutrality in his plan for the dismemberment of Denmark. In this he enlisted Austria, and the two powers seized the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein under the sanction of the German Diet, for the professed purpose of securing satisfaction for the German elements in the population. But Austria had no sooner assumed her share of the joint occupation and administration than Bismarck proceeded to pick a quarrel with her, and to come to an understanding not only with her natural enemy, Italy, but with Napoleon III., her natural ally. Space does not allow the tracing of the complex and crafty negotiations by which the French Emperor was induced to withhold his hand. Bismarck's course was astute and unscrupulous. In June, 1866, the Emperor's intimates at Paris were discussing what should be claimed of one and the other party to the impending war to aggrandize France. On the 2d of July Bismarck wrote to his wife from the bloody field of Gitschin: "The ground is still heaped up with corpses, horses, and arms. Our victories are much greater than we thought....Send me some French romances to read, but not more than one at a time."

The "French romance" which he had read completely, and to which he had furnished the prodigious *dénouement*, was the one in which Napoleon III. had dreamed of a Europe in which his word should be decisive, and in which Bismarck had been pictured as a "wild diplomat," who could be made useful to France. The "Seven Days' War" closed before the fortress of Königgrätz; Austria was expelled from the Bund; Hanover, Hesse-Cassel, Nassau, Hesse-Homburg, the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein, the free city of Frankfort, and the principality of Hohenzollern were joined to Prussia, while the remaining states of Germany were embraced in the "North German Confederation," of the armies of which Prussia was to have the command. The instrument was finally ratified on the 16th of April, 1867.

The next three years were devoted by Bismarck, who became Chancellor of the Confederation, to consolidating its powers at home and adjusting its relations abroad. France, under the guidance of the Emperor, was bitterly disappointed, chagrined, and sullen. Bismarck foresaw that the necessities of the Emperor would impel him to seek a foreign war, and strove, on the one hand, to win him to some sort of understanding which should turn his armies away from Germany, and, on the other, to prepare for the worst if war must come. His efforts in the first direction failed; in the second they were supremely successful. The splendid triumph of his policy with reference to the Confederation had given him something like autocratic power, and every particle of it was devoted to perfecting the army, under the sagacious lead of von Roon and von Moltke.

In 1870, Napoleon, sore pressed by the "party of action," and desperate at his failure to win to his support the Liberals, whom he had sought to conciliate by the constitutional changes made through the Ollivier ministry, seized upon the incident of the nomination to the throne of Spain of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern to make demands on Germany, which were repelled, and followed by a declaration of war. It has been often asserted that Bismarck entrapped the Emperor into this quarrel. The public records do not sustain the statement. If he did so, he had the consummate art to make every authentic document support the opposite view. The weight of testimony is that Napoleon rushed blindly upon his fate, deceived by his advisers, more deeply deceived by himself.

Bismarck accompanied the armies to the field, and for many months the government of Germany was guided from the headquarters of the King. The result is fresh in the minds of our readers. Bismarck's "instrument," as he had called the army, worked to the amazement and admiration of the world. In January, 1871, Napoleon was a prisoner in Wilhelmshohe; the best army of France was locked in Metz; Paris was prostrate under the German guns; and King William (January 18th), in the stately palace of Versailles, assumed the title of Emperor of Germany. In the next month the preliminaries were signed of that treaty which gave Alsace and Lorraine to the new empire and poured a thousand millions of dollars into the German treasury. Bismarck was made a Prince, and, naturally, Chancellor of the German Empire, while he retained his position as first Minister of Prussia.

The years that followed the great war, by the fiery trials of which the various and varying elements of German nationality were roughly but incompletely fused, were nearly twice as many as those of Bismarck's previous career, but they did not strengthen, they hardly sustained, his reputation as a statesman. Two great problems presented themselves urgently—the consolidation of the imperial political system, and the maintenance of the power and influence of the empire in Europe. With the second the Prince was able to deal, for there was no one in public life in any country who was nearly equal to him in force, in foresight, or in the skilful handling of individual men. Slowly and gradually, but with increasing success, he established the position of Germany as practically the arbiter of Europe. He limited her function to the preservation of the peace, but he assumed that that function involved her possession of the best and strongest army that her resources could supply and the most effective alliances that she could form. The first "triple alliance," as it was commonly called, was the fruit of that masterly policy by which Russia had been prevented from interfering in the struggle with France, and it was not until the influence of Bismarck had begun to wane that any serious approaches were made between the republic and Russia. This alliance was followed by the replacement of Russia by Italy, which was the only alternative after Russia became "impossible." It was a much weaker combination, and there is evidence that Bismarck would have preferred to keep Russia as an ally, and take Italy as an enemy and an ally of France, had he been allowed his choice. Whether the long-latent prejudice against Russia and the hostility bred by the contact of the two peoples along their border were too strong for him it is difficult to say, but the change came, and Bismarck has never ceased to express his regret for it.

In the course of his efforts to consolidate the political system of Germany, Bismarck came in conflict with the Papacy through the reactionary and separatist sentiment of the German Catholics fostered and guided by the priesthood. This led to the famous *Kulturkampf*—an attempt by law to diminish the power of the priesthood by restricting the privileges of the Pope, and extending those of the imperial government in the organization of the higher offices of the Church in Germany. It was a long and heated struggle, lasting from 1872 to 1886, but in the end, by the concessions of the latter year, Bismarck was substantially defeated. The almost passive but unyielding resistance of the Church was, in the long run, invincible to the aggressive and arbitrary methods he employed.

Nor did the great Chancellor succeed in forming any permanent party in the imperial legislature on which he could rely. He gained his points, when he did gain them, by a series of shifting combinations; one section after another acting now in his support, and now against him. The one thing that he accomplished was the steady development of the military force of the empire, though he failed to maintain that complete executive control of the treasury as to this object, which was one of the cardinal points of his policy, and several times he brought Europe to the very verge of war to force his army measures through. Meanwhile his strength in the Reichstag was in great part secured by the adoption of a protective tariff, which hampered the development of the national resources, and ultimately became a source of grave political weakness. He also undertook a system of colonial expansion in the South Pacific and in Africa, by which he hoped to turn the tide of German emigration, stimulated by the intolerable exactions of the military system, to lands where the German flag should cover and the German government control the young men who would not remain at home. It has been a very costly experiment, and though it is too early to pronounce it a failure, its success has been very limited so far.

After the death of the old Emperor William there was a belief that Bismarck would not retain his full influence with Frederick, the successor, whose inclinations were known to be toward a much more liberal policy. But Frederick's premature death brought disaster to the Prince from quite different causes. The present Emperor, quite as absolute as Bismarck's ideal required, did not see in Bismarck the safest, much less the sole, guide for the exercise of his power. He had ideas of his own, particularly with reference to winning the affection of the laboring classes and binding them to the throne, which the Prince could neither restrain, modify, nor tolerate. After the curious defeat of the government in the elections of February, 1890, Bismarck offered his resignation. Possibly to his surprise, and certainly to his deep chagrin, it was accepted as brusquely as it had been tendered. He retired to his estate at Varzin. He soon reentered public life as a member of the Reichstag, but his course was almost without influence upon the great empire he had, in one sense, created. It was one of peevish opposition, sometimes coming sadly near to being unpatriotic. He soon withdrew to private life almost wholly, and appeared to the world only as a bitter and spiteful, though still a strong old man.

It is impossible to doubt that he will pass into history as by far the greatest of his class of public men in his time, or, with the exception of Napoleon, of the nineteenth century in Europe. His private life, the purity and tenderness of his family relations, his simple and unaffected piety, will always redeem in part what there was cruel and even monstrous in his public ideas and actions. His monument will be united Germany, but it is practically certain that the verdict of the future will be that he was unequal to guiding, in harmony with the tendencies of his age, the tremendous force that he had called into being, or, what is worse, to permitting the German nation to develop itself in harmony with those tendencies.

Edward Cary.